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The Mercury.

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NEWPORT, R. I.

THE NEWPORT MERCURY was established in June, 1878, and is now in its one hundred and fifth year. It is the oldest newspaper in the United States, and with less than half a dozen exceptions, the oldest printed in the English language. It is a large quarto weekly of forty-eight columns filled with interesting reading—editorial, State, local and general news, well selected miscellany and valuable farmers' and household departments. It is sold at a very low price in this and other States, the limited space given to advertising is very valuable to business men.

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Local Matters.

Board of Aldermen.

The regular weekly meeting of the board of aldermen was held on Thursday evening. In the absence of Mayor Clarke, who was out of the city, Alderman Delancey Kane presided. The regular weekly pay rolls were approved and some other business of importance was considered.

A petition was presented, signed by Lorillard Spencer and many others, asking that a home for hopeless consumptive cases be established. The petition stated that the project was recommended by the board of health, endorsed by the Newport Medical Association, the Charity Organization Society, and the Association for the Relief and Prevention of Tuberculosis. All that is asked for at present is a public hearing on the subject. Alderman Kane objected very seriously to any such establishment. He said that it would hurt Newport's reputation to have such a place, and he thought that as there are available consumptive homes in other parts of the State, one isn't needed here. He said that the fair held for the benefit of the Tuberculosis Association have hurt Newport already.

The other members of the board did not agree with Mr. Kane. It was argued that consumption is a communicable disease and that it is much better to have the patients segregated than to have them on the streets. Dr. Storer, who was present, spoke in favor of the petition, and it was finally voted to give a hearing on November 21.

A petition was received from Mary F. Sullivan asking \$500 damages for injuries received by falling on Thames street, between Green and Prospect Hill streets, on August 26. A hearing was set for December 5.

In view of the absence of Mayor Clarke, members of the Washington street extension commission who were present, asked for a continuance of their business.

Newporters in Explosion.

There were several Newport girls in the East Greenwich Academy dormitory which was wrecked by a boiler explosion on Tuesday evening. Fortunately all of them escaped without more than slight injury, although several were in the rooms that received much of the shock of the explosion. Rev. C. A. Stenhouse, formerly of this city, is the principal of the school, and his daughter, Miss Mae Stenhouse, is one of the teachers there. She took an active part in removing the girls from the wrecked dormitory, being herself in the building when the explosion occurred. Miss Helen Stoddard, daughter of Dr. and Mrs. William C. Stoddard, was also in the dormitory at the time, her room being one of those that sustained the worst damage. She received slight injuries and her mother went to East Greenwich on Wednesday to look after her. It is now supposed that the explosion was due to an accumulation of coal gas caused by one of the students, acting as fireman, starting a new fire under an unused boiler. The school has been closed pending repairs and will not reopen until the Monday after Thanksgiving. It is regarded as almost miraculous that the students escaped as easily as they did.

Every Wednesday afternoon and Saturday afternoon and evening at Barney's Music Store they have a young lady pianist who cheerfully plays any piece of music desired. This enterprising store is making great strides forward in all its departments. This is especially noticeable in their Sheet Music Department where a stock is kept second to none in the State, and sold at prices surprisingly low.

Representative Council.

No Final Action Taken on Important Matters—Committee on Re-valuation and the Board of Aldermen Submit Reports.

The representative council held a meeting on Monday evening for the purpose of considering the reports of the board of aldermen and of the committee of ten on re-valuation, and of transacting other important business. There were many vacant chairs in the chamber, although late comers arrived at intervals until the absentees numbered only 23. There were some spectators in the galleries, but not nearly as many as at former meetings. Not a great deal of important business was transacted, much of the most important matters being referred to the committee of twenty-five, which committee many parliamentarians think expired when the budget was reported last February. Chairman Sheffield presided and City Clerk Fullerton and Deputy Clerk Callahan looked after the records. Mayor Clarke and the board of aldermen were in attendance.

The committee of ten on re-valuation of the taxable property of the city submitted a long report. Considerable progress was shown. The large committee had felt that more expert knowledge was required and it was decided to refer the details to a sub-committee consisting of Andrew K. Quinn, Herbert L. Dyer and M. A. McCormick. This committee had gone ahead and prepared a card system of keeping property records, the cost being \$1,048.11. After the work is finished the records will have to be transferred to permanent cards at a cost of about \$600. The report cited many cases of unequal valuation found, as well as much property that is not taxed at all. The committee recommended that the office of permanent clerk to the tax board be created at a salary of \$1,200, for the purpose of always keeping the records up to date. It was also recommended that the ordinance requiring builders to get permits for doing work be strictly enforced and that the city clerk and probate clerk be required to notify the board of all transfers of property.

Accompanying the report were resolutions accepting the same, an ordinance creating the office of clerk of the board at a salary of \$1,200, and a resolution appropriating \$5000 to cover the expenses already incurred as well as those contemplated. The resolution was first taken up and put upon its passage. On an aye and nay vote the chair declared it apparently defeated. A roll call was asked for but before it was taken Mr. George Gordon King asked that the matter be considered as a whole before voting on any of them. He explained that the money needed is to cover the expenses above referred to and that the balance is to be distributed among the sub-committees of three men, giving them about \$1000 each as recompense for their labors. There was considerable discussion of the matter and it was voted that 850 copies of the report and accompanying papers be printed and distributed to the members. It was voted to lay the report and accompanying business on the table for consideration at a subsequent meeting after the members have had opportunity to consider it in print.

Reports were received from the committee on new railroad station, and the committee on the funeral of City Clerk David Stevens.

The board of aldermen submitted a report covering the investigations of the different departments that have been in progress during the year. There were no very startling defects discovered and the report dealt principally with generalities. The highway department was found to be well conducted, but there is urgent need for a new pavement on Thames street. The board wanted the school department brought under their jurisdiction and recommended that the Legislature be asked to amend the law to that effect. The fire department was found to be very efficient and well equipped, but the Ladder Company No. 1 has very crowded quarters.

That part of the report dealing with the matter of lighting was as follows: There are at present three contracts with the city for furnishing light. These are held by the Newport Gas Light Company, the Cleveland Vapor Light Company and the Old Colony Street Railway Company.

The board points out to you the fact that two of these contracts expire very shortly, that of the Newport Gas Light Company on the first Monday in January, 1908, and that of the Cleveland Vapor Light Company February 28, 1908.

The board recommends that proposals for new contracts for a term of three years be advertised to take the place of those expiring; that the time of the beginning of the contracts be dated May 1 instead of the first Monday in January and February 28, respectively, as now dated, and that the present contracts be extended by agreement with the present contractors until May 1, 1908, as in the opinion of the board the chances of competition would be better May 1, and a more advantageous contract would thereby be secured. The board found that the total dum-

ber of lights furnished was 921, giving an average of a little better than 10 lights to every mile of street, or one to every 528 feet, making Newport a remarkably well lighted city.

The board was unable to determine the actual candle power furnished without the employment of an expert lighting engineer.

The Magnette Arc Lamp lately installed by the Old Colony Street Railway Company to take the place of the old carbon lamps, while claimed by the company as superior to the former style of lamp, had not, in the opinion of the board, successfully come up to expectation, but we are assured that the difficulties will be shortly overcome.

The report said that the police department needs re-organizing. It was recommended that the office of superintendent of hacks be abolished. A card system was recommended for the office of the tax collector. It was recommended that the city treasurer should not draw a commission from trust funds and that the keeper of the city cemetery should not draw fees. It was also recommended that all coal for use of the city be purchased during the month of April, and that an accountant be engaged to go over the books of all departments. The report further contained a list of extra appropriations needed by the various departments and recommended the passage of such appropriations, as follows:

Streets and Highways, \$1,858.48

Streets and Highways, for King Park sewer, 6,000.00

Fire Department, 200.00

Board of Health, 3,200.00

City Asylum, 200.00

Indebtedness, 1,422.50

Books, Stationery and Printing, 257.10

Total \$14,561.64

There was a long discussion regarding these appropriations and many inquiries were made as to specific items. It was explained that the item for the board of health included \$1000 for Professor Sedgwick for making an exhaustive examination into the city water supply. Mayor Clarke and Alderman Boyle explained the necessity for these extra appropriations, stating that the departments had been run economically and business-like. Dr. Brackett stated that the budget had been properly fixed last February and that there should not be a demand for more money. It was finally voted to refer the whole matter to the committee of twenty-five.

The matter of fixing the salaries for next year was then taken up. That of the mayor was placed at \$1200, the same as heretofore. When it came to the aldermen's salaries it was moved to make it \$800 but on a standing vote this was defeated, 37 to 107. It was then voted to make it \$900, as this year. A resolution appropriating \$6000 for King Park was referred to the committee of twenty-five as was also a resolution appropriating \$250 for the purchase of copies of the new city atlas. A resolution calling for inquiry into the advisability of purchasing a strip of land adjoining the city asylum was voted down. A number of petitions were received. The tax assessors reported a long list of taxes that they recommended be remitted and it was passed.

Resolutions were passed directing the board of aldermen to advertise for contracts for lighting, as recommended; authorizing the committee of ten to confer with insurance companies to secure a reduction of rates; forbidding the city treasurer and the keeper of the city cemetery from drawing fees; directing the board of aldermen to inquire into repairs to Coddington wharf. An ordinance was passed abolishing the office of superintendent of hacks.

Dr. Brackett and Mr. George Gordon King talked about the matter of unpaid taxes and a resolution was passed referring to the committee of twenty-five all unpaid taxes for two years. A resolution was passed authorizing the board of aldermen to invest the sinking fund in bonds approved by the bank commissioners of Massachusetts. A committee of ten was created to investigate the matter of salaries and file the report at least seven days before the January meeting, as follows: Robert Kerr, E. N. Lawton, Angus McLeod, Robert Frame, F. M. Hammett, G. P. Lawton, C. H. Koehn, W. H. Clarke, P. H. O'Neill and Oscar Schultz.

A draft of a building law was introduced by Captain Cotton and referred to a committee of ten, as follows: J. M. Friend, E. J. Spencer, J. P. Cotton, F. S. Barker, C. E. Lawton, Joseph Haire, G. M. Kline, D. E. Doherty, M. P. Vaughan, D. A. Bowman.

Captain Cotton also presented petitions asking for a sewerage system in the easterly part of the second ward, and the accompanying resolution directing the city engineer to draw plans was passed. Captain Cotton also gave notice of a proposed amendment to the rules, requiring all business to come before a council meeting to be presented to the city clerk at least seven days before a meeting and that the city clerk make up a calendar and read it to each member at least five days before the meeting.

A resolution was introduced by Dr. Barker, directing the city clerk to fur-

nish in his warrant for the city election a proposition to appropriate \$50,000 for a new school house to replace the Edward-Farwell school and to issue \$30,000 in bonds to pay therefor, the balance to come from school funds. It was decided to make the bonds serial bonds, one being matured each year, and the resolution was passed.

On motion of City Solicitor Burdick it was voted to instruct the board of aldermen to issue the \$50,000 of negotiable notes previously authorized. The board had referred the matter back to the council because par could not be obtained.

For overseer of the poor to fill the vacancy caused by the death of Lewis L. Sturges there were two nominations, Edward S. Peckham and Dr. George D. Ramsay. The former was elected, receiving 59 votes to 48 for Dr. Ramsay.

The council then adjourned to the call of the chair.

The City Election.

Much interest is now centered in the coming city election that will occur on Tuesday, December 3. Just now the principal efforts of interested parties are directed toward getting the nominations made in legal form. It is of small job to secure the proper number of qualified signatures to the nomination papers—250 for mayor, 100 for board of aldermen and for school committee, and 80 for representative councilmen. Many of the candidates themselves and also their friends have been out canvassing the city industriously for signatures.

It looks now as if there would be but one candidate for the office of mayor, the present incumbent, Hon. William P. Clarke. His nomination papers are on file at the city hall. Papers had been taken out and some signatures obtained to secure a nomination for Col. Herbert Bliss, but he has since withdrawn his name from the field. There are plenty of men in the city who would like to occupy the office but it is felt that Mayor Clarke is the strongest possible candidate and whoever might be nominated against him would be practically sure of defeat.

It had been persistently rumored that Alderman Boyle would enter the field again but apparently this is not so as his papers are out for re-election as alderman from the third ward. There will probably be at least two candidates for every aldermanic position and the school committee positions will probably have plenty of nominees. The former carries a salary of \$900, which makes it particularly attractive to the citizens. The Citizens' Municipal Association has taken out a number of papers in order to be sure of having authentic candidates.

There is quite a number of candidates for aldermen in the various wards. In the first ward papers have been taken out for Hudson B. Kugman and Robert P. Hamilton; in the second William Shepley and Herbert A. Knoll; in the third for Robert G. Cottrell and Patrick J. Boyle; in the fourth for John T. Allen, John Gilpin, James B. Cottrell and Dennis Shannahan; and in the fifth for Benjamin M. Anthony, Oscar Schultz, J. Joseph M. Martin and Michael E. Kelly. Some of these have been completed and filed at the city clerk's office, but it is possible that some of the others may drop out before the papers are filed.

For representative council there was some delay in getting fairly started with nomination papers and even yet there is no very brisk competition for these positions. Unless there is quickly a very marked increase in the number of candidates there will not be even enough nominees to fill the vacancies. There are several reasons for this, among them being the fact that many persons do not feel that the representative council is an entirely satisfactory organization.

Thursday, November 21, is the last day for filing nomination papers for the city election.

Mayor Clarke and members of the board of health, including President Joseph Haire, Dr. Darrak, Dr. Ramsay, Dr. Clark, Robert Frame, and Joseph W. Sampson, have been on an inspection tour of filtration systems in neighboring cities this week. The party inspected the water works at Springfield and at Lawrence in Massachusetts and returned much pleased with what they had seen. The water before filtration was in a foul and impure condition but after passing through the filtration beds was pronounced absolutely pure. It is probable that the Newport Water Works will be required to construct an adequate filtration plant at once. In view of the report of Professor Sedgwick regarding the Newport water supply the board of health is prepared to take radical steps if necessary to secure an improvement.

Mr. Clarence A. Hammett is very seriously ill at the Newport Hospital and is not expected to recover.

Mr. and Mrs. F. H. Wiatwell have returned from their vacation.

November Weddings.

Greene-Turner.

Miss Sarah Pauline Turner, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Thomas G. S. Turner, formerly of this city, but now of Providence, and Mr. Chester Carr Greene were married at the home of the bride's parents in Providence Monday evening. The ceremony, which was witnessed only by relatives and a few intimate friends, was performed by Rev. James E. McConnell of the Union Congregational Church. The bride, who was unattended, was given away by her father. She looked very pretty in a dress of white point d'esprit made over white silk and lace trimmings. Her bouquet was of white chrysanthemums. Dr. Howard E. Blanchard performed the duties of best man and the ushers were Mr. Varnum Turner, brother of the bride, and Mr. Harold Warren. The bride was the recipient of many beautiful wedding gifts.

The bride is the grand-daughter of the late Dr. Henry E. Turner and the late Paul Elder of this city. The groom is the son of the late Caleb Greene and a graduate of Brown University in the class of 1905.

Mr. and Mrs. Greene left for the Berkshires, where they will spend their honeymoon, and on their return will reside in Providence, the groom being in the employ of the Gorham Manufacturing Company.

Hazard-Higginson.

Miss Ethel Mae Higginson, daughter of Mrs. John Mathison, of Providence, and Mr. Simon Earl Hazard, formerly of this city, but now of Brookline, Mass., were married at the Church of the Transfiguration in Edgewood, R. I., Tuesday evening, Rev. Charles Deuffel, rector of the church, officiating. The bride wore a dress of white silk over white taffeta and a long tulle veil. Her bouquet, which was of shower effect, was of bridal roses and lilies of the valley. Miss Emma F. Higginson, a sister of the bride, was the maid of honor. She wore a dress of white silk muslin over pink taffeta and carried a shower bouquet of pink carnations. Mr. J. Gardner Hazard, twin brother of the groom, of Boston, acted as best man, and the ushers were Mr. Benjamin A. Potter, a cousin of the bride, of Providence; Mr. LeRoy T. Hazard, of this city, another brother of the groom, and Mr. W. Douglas Hazard, a cousin of the groom, of this city.

A reception followed at the home of the bride on Indiana avenue, which was very largely attended, many of the guests coming from Newport, Boston, and other places to attend the ceremony. The gifts were numerous and beautiful.

Mr. and Mrs. Hazard have gone to New York on their honeymoon and will reside in Brookline, Mass., being at home to their friends after January 1st.

James Cremin.

The wedding of Miss Susan Genevieve Cremin, daughter of Mr. John Cremin, and Mr. William Alexander James of New York, took place at St. Mary's church Thursday morning, when the church was filled with relatives and friends of the young couple. Rev. William B. Meenan and Rev. M. P. Reddy officiated. The bride wore a dress of imported white lace over white satin, en train, and a long tulle veil, caught up with orange blossoms. Her bouquet, which was of shower effect, was of bride roses. She wore a pearl pendant, the gift of the groom. Miss Martha T. Toomey was the bridesmaid. She wore a dress of pale blue chiffon over blue tulle with trimmings of pink, and a large picture hat and carried a bouquet of white chrysanthemums. The duties of best man were performed by Mr. David I. Cahill of Des Moines, Iowa, and the ushers were Messrs. Lawrence P. Sullivan, Thomas J. Nolan, John J. Sullivan and Jeremiah A. Sullivan. Professor Commetto, organist of the church, presided and furnished the customary wedding marches. Mrs. Catherine Gurr-Burkshaw sang "O Salutaris" and Mr. Leonard Jeier rendered two solo selections.

A wedding breakfast and reception followed at the home of the bride on Franklin street, where the many friends of the young people gathered to offer their congratulations. Mr. F. H. Wiatwell of the New Perry House was the caterer. The wedding gifts, which were numerous and beautiful, were shown.

Mr. and Mrs. James left later in the day on their wedding trip and their friends were on hand in goodly numbers to see them off.

Shea-Moran.

Miss Catherine M. Shea and Mr. James J. Moran were married at St. Joseph's church Tuesday morning by Rev. James Mahon. The bride wore a dress of cream colored crepe de chine over white silk and trimmings of Irish lace and a picture hat to match. Miss Julia Morley was the bridesmaid, wearing a dress of champagne colored silk

and a picture hat. Mr. John Conor was the best man.

A wedding breakfast and reception followed at the future home of the couple on Extension street, where the many pretty gifts sent to the bride were shown.

Recent Deaths.

John Pitman.

Mr. John Pitman died very suddenly at his home on Mount Vernon street, on Sunday afternoon. Although he had not been in very rugged health for some time his death was entirely unexpected. He dropped dead from heart disease while no one but his grandchildren were in the room with him, although his son, Mr. William S. Pitman, entered the room in a moment upon hearing the children call.

Mr. Pitman was a life-long Newporter and was well known to the older residents of the city and to all who had occasion to use the Old Fellows Building, where he had been janitor for twelve years. He was born in Newport in 1837, the son of the late Thomas G. Pitman. He was at one time engaged in making sash and blinds and other mill work and afterward he conducted a butcher shop. He was a prominent member of Rhode Island Lodge of Odd Fellows, which he joined in 1868, serving as noble grand two years later. He is survived by two sons, Edward H. and William S. Pitman.

Funeral services were held from his late residence on Mt. Vernon street and were very largely attended. Rev. Stanley C. Hughes, rector of Trinity Church, officiating. The house was filled with relatives and friends, and there were also representatives from Rhode Island Lodge, No. 12, I. O. O. F., and Emma Lodge, Degree of Rebekah, the deceased being a member of these two lodges. There were many beautiful floral offerings. The interment was in the family lot in the Island Cemetery.

Payment Long Deferred.

Mr. William H. Durfee of this city is receiving congratulations today on the settlement of a long standing claim against the Government. It has taken the Government forty-two years to find out that they owed a citizen of Rhode Island the magnificent sum of thirty-one cents, and what is more Mr. Durfee himself did not know it. The check arrived a day or two ago duly made out to Mr. Durfee for the above sum and signed by the Acting Secretary of the Treasury, by the Comptroller, by the Chief Clerk, and by the Assistant Treasurer of the United States. With all these signatures Mr. Durfee ought to be able to realize on the check even if the financial stringency in the money market is severe. There is one point not yet quite clear in Mr. Durfee's mind and that is: if the Government has owed him this thirty-one cents for forty-two years, why he is not entitled to interest on the debt for that period.

Miss Virginia Beech and Lieutenant Emil P. Svarz, U. S. N., were married in the ward room of battleship Georgia at Philadelphia on Tuesday by the chaplain, Rev. Charles M. Charleton. Miss Barbara Beech was the maid of honor and Miss Julia Armstrong of New Orleans and Miss Beatie P. G. Brainerd of Boston were the bridesmaids. The duties of best man were performed by Lieut. R. C. Davis and the ushers were Midshipmen Abbott, Brown, Nichols and Matherson. A reception followed, after which the young couple left for a short wedding trip. Miss Svarz will follow her husband on his cruise to the Pacific.

The fishing season at Newport is about over. Captain John M. Brownell has hauled up what was left of his traps after the last storm, and the Seasonet River Fish Company have also hauled out for the winter. The only traps still in use are those belonging to William R. Rose, William E. Brightman and the Atlantic Trapping Company. Another storm will probably end their season also.

Friends in this city of Captain Alexander McLeod of Gloucester have received news of the death of his wife last week. Captain McLeod has been coming to Newport during the fishing season for 25 or 30 years and has a host of friends here who sympathize with him in his bereavement.

The wedding of Miss Bessie Chamberlain Gilpin, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. John Gilpin, and Mr. Thomas Edward Hunt, of Woonsocket, will take place at the home of the bride's parents on John street Saturday, December 7th. It will be a very quiet affair and will be witnessed only by relatives and a few intimate friends.

Mr. Charles T. Griffin left Tuesday evening for New York on his way to Florida to resume his duties as purser with the P. & O. Steamship Company.

The Spoilers.

By REX E. BEACH.

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[CONTINUED.]

He entered the door without knocking to find the girl removing her coat. Her face glowed in sight of him, but he checked her with quick and cautious words. His speech almost drowned by the roar outside.

"Are you alone?" She nodded, and he slipped the bolt behind him, saying: "The marshals are after me. We just had a run in at the Northern, and I'm on the go. No—nothing serious yet, but they want the vigilantes, and I must get them. Will you help me?" He rapidly recounted the row of the last ten minutes, while she nodded her quick understanding.

"You're safe here for a little while," she told him, "for the storm will check them. If they should come, there's a back door leading out from the kitchen and a side entrance under the porch. In my room you'll find a French window. They can't corner you very well."

"Slapjack and Dex are out at the stablehouse—you know—that quartz claim on the mountain above the Mills." He hesitated. "Will you lend me your saddle horse? It's a black night, and I may kill him."

"What about these men in town?"

"I'll warn them first, then hit for the hills."

She shook her head. "You can't do it. You can't get out there before day. Light if you want to rouse these people, and McNamara has probably telephoned the mines to send a party up to the quartz claim after Dex. He knows where the claim is as well as you do, and they'll find him before dawn."

"I'm afraid so, but it's all I can offer. Will you give me the horse?"

"No! He's only a pony, and you'd founder him in the tundra. The mud is knee deep. I'll go myself."

"Good heavens, girl, in such a night? Why, it's worth your life! Listen to it! The crooks will be up and you'll have to swim. No, I can't let you."

"He's a good little horse, and he'll take me through." Then coming close she continued: "Oh, boy! Can't you see that I want to help? Can't you see that I'd die for you if it would do any good?" He gazed gravely into her wide blue eyes and said awkwardly: "Yes, I know. I'm sorry things are—as they are—but you wouldn't have me lie to you, little woman?"

"No. You're the only true man I ever knew. I guess that's why I love you. And I do love you, oh, so much! I want to be good and worthy to love you too."

She laid her face against his arm and caressed him with dinging tenderness, while the wind yelled loudly about the eaves and the windows drummed beneath the rain. His heavy brows knit themselves together as she whispered:

"I love you! I love you! I love you!" with such an agony of longing in her voice that her soft accents were sharply distinguishable above the turmoil. The growing wildness seemed a part of the woman's passion, which whipped and hurried her like a willow in a blast.

"Things are fearfully hushed," he said finally. "And this is a bad time to talk about no other. I wish they might be different. No other girl would do what you have offered tonight."

"Then why do you think of that woman?" she broke in fiercely. "She's bad and false. She betrayed you once; she's in the play now; you're told me so yourself. Why don't you be a man and forget her?"

"I can't," he said simply. "You're wrong, though, when you think she's bad. I found tonight that she's good and brave and honest. The part she played was played innocently, I'm sure of that. In spite of the fact that she'll marry McNamara. It was she who heard them plotting and risked her reputation to warn me."

Cherry's face whitened, while the shadowy eagerness that had rested there died utterly. "She came into that cave alone? She did that?" He nodded, at which she stood thinking for some time, then continued: "You're honest with me, Roy, and I'll be the same with you. I'm tired of deceit, tired of everything. I tried to make you think she was bad, but in my own heart I knew differently all the time. She came here today and humbled herself to get the truth, humbled herself to me, and I sent her away. She suspected, but she didn't know, and when she asked for information I insulted her. That's the kind of a creature I am. I sent her back to Struve, who offered to tell her the whole story."

"What does that renegade want?"

"Can't you guess?"

"Why, I'd rather— The young man ground his teeth, but Cherry hastened. "You needn't worry; she won't see him again. She loathes the ground he walks on."

"And yet he's no worse than that other scoundrel. Come, girl, we have work to do; we must act, and act quickly." He gave her his message to Dex, then she went to her room and slipped into a riding habit. When she came out he asked: "Where is your rifle?"

"You'll be drenched in no time."

"I can't ride with it. I'll be thrown, anyway, and I don't want to be all bound up. Water won't hurt me."

She thrust her tiny revolver into her dress, but he took it and upon examination shook his head.

"If you need a gun you'll need a good one." He removed the belt from his own waist and buckled his Colts about her.

"But you!" she objected.

"I'll get another in ten minutes." Then as they were leaving, he said: "One other request, Cherry. I'll be in hiding for a time, and I must get word to Miss Chester to keep watch of her uncle, for the big fight is on at last and the boys will hang him sure if they catch him. I owe her this last

warning. Will you send it to her?"

"I'll do it for your sake, not for her. No, no; I don't mean that. I'll do the right thing all round. Leave it here and I'll see that she gets it tomorrow. And, Roy, be careful of yourself." Her eyes were stony and in their depths lurked neither selfishness nor jealousy now, only that mysterious glory of a woman who makes sacrifice.

Together they scurried back to the stable, and yet, in that short distance, she would have been seized from her feet had he not seized her. They blew in through the barn door, streaming and soaked by the blinding sheets that drove scythelike ahead of the wind. He struck a light, and the pony whinnied at recognition of his mistress. She stroked the little fellow's muzzle while Glenister clinched on her saddle. Then when she was at last mounted, she leaned forward:

"Will you kiss me once, Roy, for the last time?"

He took her rain wet face between his hands and kissed her upon the lips as he would have kissed a little maid. As he did so, unseen by both of them, a face was pressed for an instant against the pane of glass in the stable wall.

"You're a brave girl and may God bless you," he said, extinguishing the light. He hung the door wide and she rode out into the storm. Locking the portal, he plunged back toward the house to write his hurried note, for there was much to do and scant time for its accomplishment, despite the helping hand of the hurricane. He heard the voice of Berling as it thundered on the golden sands, and knew that the first great storm of the fall had come. Henceforth he saw that the violence of men would rival the rising elements, for the deeds of this night would stir their passions as Aeolus was rousing the hate of the sea.

He neglected to bolt the house door as he entered, but hung off his dripping coat and, seizing pad and pencil, scrawled his message. The wind screamed about the cabin, the lamp flared smokily and Glenister felt a draft suck past him as though from an open door at his back as he wrote:

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The Mercury.

Newport, R. I.
JOHN P. SANBORN, Editor and Manager.Office Telephone 181
House Telephone 1090

Saturday, November 16, 1907.

Bryan says he is willing. If the Democratic party wants him he will be only too happy to serve.

The mills in this State are feeling the hard times. The Woolen Mills at Pascoag have shut down, temporarily and more, it is said, are to follow.

The Maine potato crop is claimed to be a failure this year. As most of the potatoes for New England came from Aroostook county it looks as though people would have to pay a big price for what they eat.

Jacob Ruts predicts that Taft will be the next President and that Roosevelt and Root will be the next Senators from the State of New York. There is reason to fear that Jacob's preference outweigh his judgment.

Mr. Wannamaker is convinced that more than \$1,000,000,000 is hoarded in ten-cent pieces and hidden under carpets. How it happened that so much money escaped him is a thing he doesn't attempt to explain.

Among the comforting thoughts that occur to the Hartford Courant is the cheerful reflection that "we shall not have William Randolph Hearst fatiguing the week with clamors for a recount of this year's ballots."

Gov. Higgins has issued his Thanksgiving proclamation designating the national Thanksgiving day Thursday, November 28, as a day of public Thanksgiving and recommends to the people of the State that the day be observed as such.

All predictions point to high priced Thanksgiving turkeys. The Vermont bird is said to be likely to soar to near 40 cents a pound. There is one thing however to be thankful for on the coming Thanksgiving day and that is that there is no law to compel the purchase of the Thanksgiving turkey.

Senator-to-be Owen of Oklahoma is said to be a full-blooded Cherokee. Senator Curtis of Kansas is also an Indian. Now Carlisle has defeated Harvard on the bloody sands and, taking it all around, the red man seems to be coming to his own. All except the Utes. They are still alien and intractable.

In making up the slate for the next Presidential election it will be well to keep an eye on the Secretary of the Treasury. He has made many points lately and it will not be at all surprising to see him come to the front at any day as a full fledged candidate. The country might go further and fare worse.

Political Play.

Wednesday afternoon, just before the State Returning Board, which is counting the ballots cast at the late election, had completed its work for the day, a representative of the Democratic party asked, on behalf of Governor Higgins and Candidate Sisson, that three Democratic watchers be appointed to watch the vault containing the ballots during the absence of the board from the room. The request caused considerable discussion, and a final answer was not given.

This request, whether it originated with Governor Higgins and Candidate Sisson, or with some less prominent party, is an insult to the members of the board, and is plainly done for purely political effect. It is no insult in that it implies that three outsiders, be they Democrats or Republicans, would use greater care to preserve the ballots than the men who have been sworn to do that very thing; and it is for political effect in that nobody who has been with the board as watcher or otherwise has questioned the accuracy of the count or the safety of the ballots. Being both an insult and a political play, the request might well be ignored.

But would that be the wisest course? It is not a question of abstract right, but one of practical politics. Under these circumstances the board can well grant the request, with the addition of men to watch the watchers, either deputy sheriffs or other officers. To request that three Democrats be permitted to watch the vault "to protect the ballots" is a little absurd, when the stuffing of the caucus ballot boxes in Providence and Pawtucket are called to mind as examples of that party's regard for the sanctity of the ballot.—Westerly Sun.

The Official Count.

The State returning board finished the count for Newport on Wednesday. Their figures gave Sanborn for Senator 2216 votes and Quinn 1633, majority for Sanborn, 578. Haseard had 2220, and Hazard 1601, Haseard's majority, 619. Burlingame had 2157; Murphy 1744, Burlingame's majority, 413. Franklin scored 2237 votes and Scott 1597. Franklin's lead was 640. Burdick for fourth representative had 2238, and Mumford 1605. Burdick led his opponent by 633. The votes on the Republican ticket ran surprisingly near together. The returning board on that day declared Brown elected in Middletown by 22 majority and Peckham by 19. In Little Compton Wilbour had 145 plurality and Burdard 143. In New Shoreham, Littlefield

had 148, and Lewis 160. In these two towns there was no opposing ticket. In Narragansett, Bramley, the Democratic candidate for representative, won by one majority, while Northrup, the Republican candidate for Senator, had 22 votes to spare.

The only change thus far made in the official count is in the town of Lincoln where the Republican candidate for Representative beat his opponent by one majority. At the request of the Democratic watchers, a third count was made but with no change in the result.

It will probably take all of next week to reach the bottom figures. As far as the count has gone there has been sufficient gain for the Republican candidate for Lieutenant Governor to put him in the lead and indicate that he will ultimately be found to have been elected. If no further change is made by the official figures, the Republicans will have 28 in the Senate, the Democrats 10. In the House the Republicans have 45 to 27 for the Democrats, making majorities in each body sufficiently large for all practical purposes. In joint Assembly the Republicans will have 73 votes and the Democrats 37. There will probably be no difficulty in electing Senator Wetmore on the first ballot.

Great Depression.

That the business world is feeling the hard times very acutely is manifest from the wholesale shutting down of business establishments and the discharge of labor. The New York World has made a canvass of many of the large business and manufacturing centres with the following results:

Chicago—90 per cent. of the factories and workshops have reduced forces and curtailed hours. At eight moderate-sized plants 965 men have been laid off. 40 per cent. of the building trades workers are idle and 25 per cent. of the woodworkers; machinists are about half time and more moulders are idle than ever before at this season.

Pittsburg—Manufactures in radius of 50 miles, 48,000 men idle; railroads, 2000.

Reading—Manufactures, 1200 idle; Reading Railroad, 400, and shops on reduced time.

Cornwall—Five blast furnaces closed here and at Lenox; 1000 men out.

Newark—Manufactures, 700 men laid off; 180 jewelry manufacturers, employing 6000, 50 leather plants, the hat and electrical works on reduced time.

York—Manufactures, 200; nearly all industries on reduced time.

Altoona—Pennsylvania Railroad takes on 500 additional men; silk plant and iron works full forces.

Wilkes-Barre—Railroads, 1000 idle; manufactures, full forces, full time.

Worcester—American Steel & Wire Co. has laid off 250 men; Walslow Skate Co. 150; Whitcomb & Blaisdell Tool Co. 160 men, and Prentice Bros. Co., Coes Wrench Co. and Worcester Machine Screw Co. have gone on reduced time.

Hudson—Knott & Pope and Lapointe machine tool companies are running on reduced time.

Johnstown, Pa.—3000 men have been laid off here in the rolling mills, blast and open-hearth furnaces.

Perryville, Mass.—225 people have been thrown out of employment by closing of Perry's Woolen Mills.

Canton, Ill.—One of the largest farm machinery plants practically closed; also all distilleries, formerly employing 1000; railroads reducing construction forces.

Indianapolis—Reduction in forces of all large manufacturers and several hundred discharges; no railroad reductions.

Wheeling—Manufactures, 3500; several plants suspended; coal mines may close for lack of currency; railroads full forces.

Youngstown—Railroads, 1600 to 1100; Steel Trust stops construction on new plants; several big iron and tin mills half time.

St. Paul—Twenty-one saw mills in northern Wisconsin close, throwing out 6000 men; mines in iron range will lay off for the winter 4000 miners; Great Northern discharges 50 civil engineers here, and reduces construction work.

Wilmington, Del.—Mills and factories, 4000; Harlan & Hollingsworth Corporation discharges 1500 of its 2200 workmen, reducing its payroll from \$23,000 to \$7,000.

Schenectady—General Electric Company discharges 178 men; no other concern reducing.

Birmingham—Mills and coke ovens, 500 to 600; merchants, 200 to 300; railroads, 1500; 1000 more furnace men to go Friday.

Waterbury—Railroads, 2000; manufactures, 200; American Brass company, fewer hours.

Lynn—General Electric Co., 4000; 2500 shoe operators out or on half-time.

Worcester—Manufactures, 750; general reduction working hours, with promises of complete shut-down. Depression worst in ten years.

Brookton—Slight reduction of time in shoe factories; no discharges.

Fall River—New Haven Road increases its force; no curtailment by manufacturers.

Lowell, Mass.—Fifty men have been laid off at the Helme Electric Co.

South Manchester, Conn.—The Case & Marshall Paper Mill has gone on half-time schedule.

John Walsh, State Senator for Johnston last year, died suddenly at his home in that town Thursday evening of acute indigestion. Mr. Walsh has represented his town in both branches of the General Assembly and was last session a member of the Judiciary Committee of the Senate. Mr. Walsh was born in Manchester, England, but came to this country with his parents when he was but two years old.

Real Estate Sales and Rentals.

A. O'D. Taylor has sold for Mrs. Harriet L. Stevens, of Jamestown, her former Newport residence at end of Whitfield Court, off Tower street, with 7,500 square feet of land, to Charles G. Menebinder of Newport.

A. O'D. Taylor has sold for Mrs. Isabella Hubbard Burch, of Utica, N. Y., the "Fern Cottage," situated on the west side of Broadway, No. 298, with stable and 10,314 square feet of land, to Mrs. Anne Isabel Carry of Newport.

True Doctrine.

President Mellen is a man who does not mince matters. He speaks right out in meeting. In an able and timely address before the National Grange at Hartford on Wednesday he told some unpalatable truths, but truths nevertheless that it will do many people good to read. Among other things he said: "The losses in value, credit, fortune in this country since the beginning of this year have been greater than occurred as a result of the Civil War. Many are in distress who thought themselves but a short time since with a competency. Those who still have a competency are in distress, through lack of credit to obtain money to carry on work so necessary, at such a time, to give employment to those who must otherwise feel the pinch of hunger."

Continuing he told his hearers: "This is not a rich man's panic. It is a widespread distress rapidly extending itself to the farthest sections in the country; and it will levy its tax on such a way no man, woman or child shall fail to bear his portion of the burden. On some it will press unduly and only those who have nothing to lose can view the situation with equanimity. Even those who did not know the gun was loaded, whose only thought was sensation and unpopularity, are becoming sobered by the outlook, and at the foot of the toboggan down which we are gliding is a bump, and an examination of the wreckage which it may cause may teach us wherein lies the responsibility regarding which at the present time, so many of us are in doubt."

"Because there has been a skunk under a barn, that is a trouble to the community, is no reason for the destruction or upsetting of all the barns in a village."

"It is not right to damage and harm with suspicion a whole country because a few have gone wrong and you are entitled to be treated as above suspicion unless, indeed, under the dispensation recently so popular, the capacity to harbor a nuisance or commit a crime is warrant for investigation. There has been too much writhing—too much talking—too little knowledge—too much assertion. There has been abnormal activity bustling trouble which will now be fully employed in placing responsibility."

The civil employees of the electrical department at the Training Station have been laid off and their places have been filled by enlisted men. The fund from which their salaries were drawn has been used for other purposes and until Congress makes an appropriation for this work there can be no outside assistance employed. Some of the men had given up permanent positions to take employment there and they feel the loss as quite a hardship.

Lawyer Peckham says that Real Estate sales are not affected by Wall Street apparently. Westfield Park, which was sold to the Erie Realty Co., has been sold again recently, to C. W. Kjelgaard at an advance of \$10,000. The lot which was sold to the Central Real Estate Agency for \$250 was sold again last week for \$700, an advance of nearly 100 per cent. per week. Apparently, the Peckham sales are low enough to allow a purchaser a profit.

The Independent Ice Company is pushing work as rapidly as possible on their new cold storage and ice manufacturing plant. If the weather holds good the foundation will be completed in about three weeks. One boiler of seven tons has already been received and will soon be placed in position. The new plant will have a capacity of about 15 tons of ice a day and will have the most modern machinery.

Mr. E. O. Andrews has accepted the call to the secretaryship of the Army and Navy Y. M. C. A. which was recently extended to him and will enter on his new field of work about the middle of December. He is no stranger to Newporters, having frequently addressed both branches of the Young Men's Christian Association in this city.

Mr. W. H. Chapin has begun his duties as acting general secretary to the Newport Young Men's Christian Association in place of General Secretary Duggan, who recently resigned. Mr. Chapin comes from New York and has had much experience in Y. M. C. A. work.

Mr. Harold S. Vanderbilt, son of William K. Vanderbilt, is ill with typhoid fever in the hospital of Harvard College where he is a student. His case is not regarded as dangerous.

The O'Gorman Company of Providence, R. I., one of the four largest stores of the city, has gone into receivership, due, in part, to the suspension of the Union Trust Co.

Mr. and Mrs. Perry Belmont, who have recently returned from an extended trip abroad, are at the St. Regis Hotel in New York.

Mr. George O. Kauff has been elected janitor of Old Fellows Hall to fill the vacancy caused by the death of Mr. John Pitman.

Officer and Mrs. Denman celebrated the forty-third anniversary of their marriage in a quiet way on Sunday.

Mr. William D. Tew, who has been confined to his home on Congdon avenue by illness, is much improved.

Malbois Lodge, No. 98, N. E. O. P., will hold its second in a series of white next Thursday evening.

Postmaster and Mrs. A. O. Landers and their daughter, Mrs. O. L. Byrher, are visiting in New York.

Mrs. Woodbury Kane has closed her Newport season and gone to New York for the winter.

Colonel Addison Thomas is recovering from his recent illness.

Washington Matters.

President Roosevelt Claims to be Satisfied with the Recent Elections—Federal Appointments in Oklahoma—The Complaints against the Steamship Lines—Notes.

[From Our Regular Correspondent.]

Washington, D. C., Nov. 15, 1907.

President Roosevelt issued a statement on Thursday designed to show that as a general proposition the verdict rendered at the polls in the various States could not be construed as reflecting adversely upon the popularity of his administration. It has been claimed, in some quarters, that the slump in the Republican majority in New Jersey, where the Republican gubernatorial nominees pulled through by 7,200, could be attributed to the unpopularity of the President's policies, and that the same argument could be advanced with respect to Rhode Island and Maryland, while the victory of Tammany over the fusion forces in New York City could be directly chargeable to the same cause. The President took exception to these contentions, which he considers are wholly erroneous and gave out a statement which may be summed up in his closing sentence. "As a whole," the showing has been an improvement over what it was four years ago and eight years ago." It seems that there is little, if any, excuse for a controversy, in view of the fact, quite generally conceded, that the election possessed no national significance, and that the administrative policies were not injected as an issue into any of the contests.

The names of the Federal office-holders for the new State of Oklahoma were announced at the White House on Thursday and the announcement precipitated a whirlwind of indignation and wrath among the office seekers and their friends from Oklahoma and Indian Territory who have spent the greater part of two weeks in Washington believing, as they express it, that there would be something like an equitable division of these six offices. Of the sixteen Territorial judges who came to Washington with their friends to present their claims for one of the new Federal judgeships, not one landed a prize. The appointees are lawyers in the two Territories. Mad but mild expressions of the state of mind of the politicians who took their departure by Thursday's afternoon trains, and threats were made that the new State would be taken away from the friends of the administration.

The proceedings of the Cosmopolitan Shipping Company against the Hamburg-American Packet Company, the North German Lloyd Steamship Company, the Wilson Lines and the Scandinavian American Line, filed several months ago with the Interstate Commerce Commission, have taken on a new and important phase. As attorneys for the defendant lines, former Senator John C. Spooner, William G. Choate, and Harrington Putnam have entered with the commission a demurrer to the complaint of the Cosmopolitan Shipping Company, in which it is set up that the commission has not, under the laws of the United States, jurisdiction over the subject matter of the complaint or power to proceed against the defendants.

It is understood, further, that the complainant's petition sets forth no matter which is cognizable by the Interstate Commerce Commission, or which it has been given power to remedy. The counsel for defendants ask, therefore, that they be not compelled to answer the complaint, and that the case be dismissed.

The commission has fixed Tuesday, December 3, as the date for hearing argument on the demurrer.

Mr. John A. Fox of Arkansas, special director of the National Rivers and Harbors Congress, reached Washington on Wednesday, after a trip of more than 30,000 miles throughout the United States. He is here to complete certain arrangements in connection with the forthcoming convention of the organization. Among those who have signified personally to Mr. Fox their intention of being present are Gov. Glenn, who will head a delegation of sixty from North Carolina; Governors Hoke Smith of Georgia, Chamberlain of Oregon; Outler of Utah; Mead of Washington; Gillett of California; Kirby of Arizona; and Guild of Massachusetts. Gov. Hoke Smith is to make an address and Ambassador von Sterburg and Ambassador Jusserand will discuss waterway development in Germany and France respectively at the convention.

President Roosevelt has protested against the misrepresentation of certain conservative newspapers, and has expressed his conviction to some of his friends that these papers, which are usually as influential with investors as the financiers, have done more by their persistent distortion of the facts and their willful misrepresentation of his aims and policies, to precipitate the lack of confidence of which they are now complaining than have all of Mr. Roosevelt's trust prosecutions and oratorical denunciations of successful dishonesty.

As a matter of fact these capitalists and financiers who come to the White House to plead with the President against a repetition of utterances they have attributed to him, or beg him to say certain things which they believe will help to restore confidence, are generally amazed to find that he has never said the former and that the latter he has put in a more forceful manner than they suggest.

Miss Lena E. Marsh, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Herbert L. Marsh, and Mr. John H. Bryer, Jr., of this city, were quietly married in Lynn, Mass., on Monday, November 14th, by Rev. Ernest J. Dennen, formerly assistant rector of Trinity church in this city. The young couple spent their honeymoon in Boston and New York, returning home last Sunday.

Mr. Francis J. Otis, who has been ill with typhoid fever at his summer residence on Narragansett avenue, is slowly improving and hopes to be able to spend the winter travelling in Europe.

Mr. and Mrs. James McLeish are visiting in New York. Before returning home they will stop at Indian Head, where they will be guests of their son-in-law and daughter, Mr. and Mrs. Patterson.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles M. Barker, who were called to Newport to attend the funeral of Mrs. Barker's sister, Miss Robinson, have returned to Washington.

Weather Bulletin.

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Washington, D. C., Nov. 15, 1907.

Last bulletin gave forecast of disturbances to cross continent Nov. 18 to 22, warm waves 17 to 21, cool waves 20 to 24. Next disturbances will reach Pacific coast about Nov. 23, cross west of Rockies country by close of 24, great central valley 25 to 27, eastern states 26. Warm wave will cross west of Rockies about Nov. 23, great central valley 25, eastern states 27. Cool wave will cross west of Rockies about Nov. 25, great central valley 28, eastern states 30.

This disturbance will come during a long spell of rest winter weather, will be preceded and followed by cold waves and extended periods of low temperatures. In northern sections blizzards will fill out most of the program and in southern sections cold rains and disagreeable weather generally. West of Rockies will get better weather than east of them.

The great planet Jupiter, the fleet-footed Mercury, the warrior planet Mars and even the far away Venus will all have their electric guns trained on our poor little earth and it will be a great war of the elements. Even the moon will join in this conspiracy to upset the atmosphere of this home of ours, this foothold of the solar system. Last half of November will be bad for the crops.

About and immediately following Nov. 16 the general trend of temperatures will be toward very low degrees and precipitation will be on the increase. Cold waves and blizzards will be a common product during balance of November. Get ready to grin and bear it for bad weather is surely at hand.

The roof of the house on Spring street, adjoining the new house of Constant Smith, caught fire from sparks Thursday afternoon and a still alarm was sounded. The shingles burned briskly for a while and it was necessary to use water to put the fire out.

Rev. William B. Meenan is on a visit to the South.

WEEKLY ALMANAC.

NOVEMBER STANDARD TIME.

	Sun.	Mon.	Tues.	Wed.	Thurs.	High water
16 Sat.	5:40	4:43	2:58	4:35	4:58	
17 Sun.	5:40	4:42	4:4	5:25	5:47	
18 Mon.	5:40	4:41	5:5	5:10	5:31	
19 Tues.	5:40	4:40	6:12	6:58	7:15	
20 Wed.	5:40	4:40	7:00	7:35	7:52	
21 Thurs.	5:40	4:38	8:15	8:15	8:40	
22 Fri.	5:40	4:37	8:47	8:51	9:22	

New Moon, 24 day, 5h. 30m., evening.
First Quarter, 12th day, 6h. evening.
Full Moon, 19th day, 7h. 4m., evening.
Last Quarter, 27th day, 11h. 21m., evening.

CHOKE COUNTRY RESIDENCE

For Sale. Superior House

On East Road, Middletown, R. I. On the Trolley line. With all modern accommodations, heating and plumbing. Also acre stable and 1-1/2 acres of land. Easy distance from Newport, one of the most beautiful houses in Middletown. Apply to

A. O'D. TAYLOR,

REAL ESTATE AGENT,

182 Bellevue Avenue, Newport, R. I.

Deaths.

In this city, 10th inst., John Pitman, in his 71st year.

In this city, 10th inst., James Williams, aged 61 years.

In this city, 12th inst., Freddie E. Williams, Jr., son of Fred E. and the late Theresa M. Williams, in his 21st year.

In Middletown, 8th inst., Christopher S. Peckham, in his 71st year.

In Middletown, 6th inst., Flora A. wife of James R. Chase.

In Jamestown, 13th inst., Irene, daughter of Frank Ross and Marie Currier, formerly of Portsmouth, aged 4 years.

Wanted—Old Pictures, Furniture, &c.

I pay largest cash prices for old pictures, old furniture, china, etc. Address Box 4, 114-12th.

MERCHURY OFFICE.

ABSOLUTE

SECURITY.

Genuine

Carter's

Little Liver Pills.

Must Bear Signature of

See Fac-Simile Wrapper Below.

Very small and as easy to take as sugar.

CARTER'S

LITTLE

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PILLS.

FOR HEADACHE.

FOR DIZZINESS.

FOR BILIOUSNESS.

FOR TORPID LIVER.

FOR CONSTIPATION.

FOR BILLOWY SKIN.

FOR THE COMPLEXION.

Price 25 Cents.

GURE SICK HEADACHE.

NEWPORT.

1. FOR SALE:

Land Malbone and Thurston Avenues, 2-3 cents per sq. ft.

Newport assessors tax it three times that.

W. G. PECKHAM,

Westfield, N. J.

2. FOR SALE:

Noble lots or acreage opposite Dr. Bull's, 1-mile corner.

W. G. PECKHAM,

Westfield, N. J.

Middletown.

Christopher S. Peckham.

Middletown has again been called upon in part with one of its older and well known residents in the passing of the late Christopher Sweet Peckham who died at an early hour on Friday morning of last week, at his late home on Green End Avenue. Mr. Peckham was the youngest son of the late Reuben S. and Ruth Peckham and was born April 27, 1831, on the Sweet Farm now occupied by Mr. Thomas Lawton on the East Main Road. Mr. Peckham had spent his entire life in Middletown and had been for many years a milkman. He had been very closely associated with the growth of the Methodist Church, having been baptized and received into this church very soon after its formation 50 years ago last June. Mr. Peckham had been an official member of the church for 35 years. He was a man of a very retiring disposition, of staunch principles, and devotedly attached to his home and family. In his 54 years of wedded life he had not spent one entire day away from his wife.

He leaves a widow, Mrs. Mary E. Peckham, two sons, Reuben S. (who had always resided in the same house) and J. Oscar Peckham, also of Middletown, and seven grandchildren. He is also survived by one sister, Mrs. John H. Manchester also of Middletown.

The funeral services which were held on Sunday afternoon at the home were conducted by Rev. H. H. Critchlow and the church quartette, Messrs. A. Herbert Ward, Wm. J. Peckham, Mrs. Ida Brown and Miss Sadie I. Peckham, sang. The interment was in the Cemetery at the Four Corners and the bearers were Abram A. Brown, Millard F. Smith, Alden P. Barker and Lyman H. Barker.

Death of Mrs. James R. Chase.

After many years of patient suffering Mrs. Flora Chase was at last released by death, passing away on Saturday evening at the home of her husband on Chase's Lane, near the West Main Road. Her disease, creeping paralysis, had been slowly coming on for nearly nine years, and for two years she has been unable to talk or to have any use of herself. She has been most devotedly cared for by her daughters, Miss Charlotte and Miss Elsie Chase, who have resided at home.

Mrs. Chase was formerly Miss Flora Adelaide McConnell of North Haverhill, N. H., and was a former teacher at the Oliphant School previous to her marriage in 1871 to James R. Chase. She was a woman deeply beloved by all who were privileged to know her, of an unusually sunny nature, of rare ability, and of an unusually attractive personality. Beside rearing a family of 8 children, she was closely identified with the church work of Holy Cross Chapel, having been a member of the church Guild, and its president and organizer, and one of the first to start a fund for the Guild House. She was also one of the founders of the Oliphant Reading Club and had been a former member of the Paradise Reading Club and one of the earliest promoters of the Middletown Free Library. Mrs. Chase was a member of Aqueduct Grange and of William Ellery Chapter, Daughters of the American Revolution.

She is survived by her husband, and by six children, Mrs. C. Fred White and Mr. George Chase of Newport, Mrs. Philip Wilbur, Mr. Harold R. Chase, Miss Charlotte Chase, and Miss Elsie Chase of Middletown, and by six grandchildren.

Rev. Emory H. Porter of Emmanuel Church, Newport, conducted the funeral services which were held at her late home on Tuesday and which were of a simple but impressive nature. In place of the customary singing Mr. Porter read a favorite hymn of the deceased, "Peace, Perfect Peace." The house was filled to overflowing and the great profusion of flowers seemed a fitting tribute to one who was so generally beloved and who will be greatly missed in a wide circle of relatives and friends.

Mrs. Chase was laid to rest in the family lot in the Newport Cemetery. The bearers were her two sons and two sons-in-law, Messrs. George and Harold Chase, Messrs. C. Fred White and Philip Wilbur.

Owing to the funeral of Mr. Christopher Peckham, the afternoon service at the M. E. Church which was to have been conducted by Rev. Mr. Follenbee of Portsmouth, was omitted and Mr. Critchlow was rescheduled for a visit in Taunton. The evening service was devoted to the annual Harvest Concert, when the Sunday School, assisted by the choir, presented an interesting program entitled "Peace and Plenty." This included songs by the Sunday School and choir, numerous solos and tries by the little folks and recitations by the children. The pastor's address referred especially to the needs of the Deafness Home, Providence, to whom the fruits and vegetables used in the decorations are sent. A barrel of clothing and jellies is also forwarded at this time by the ladies of the church.

BARNEY A SUICIDE

Until Recently President of the Knickerbocker Trust Company

STORM CENTER OF PANIC

Friends Were Planning Stock Company to Finance His Enterprises When He Took His Life—Impending Divorce Suit Perhaps a Factor

New York, Nov. 15.—Charles Tracy Barney, deceased president of the Knickerbocker Trust company, and until recently a power in the financial world, died by his own hand at his home here. Death was due to a bullet which entered his body just below the heart.

His loans with the bank, it is said, are simply secured, and when he was forced from his presidency he was, to all intents and purposes, eliminated as a factor in banking circles. What ill-effects his unexpected taking off might have had on the financial situation generally had long since been discounted.

In distress of mind over the dissipation of his private fortune and the loss of his high standing among business associates, intimate acquaintances find the drift that broke his health and reason. And even much of his personal wealth might have been saved. At the moment that Barney was dying at his beautiful home at the corner of Thirty-eighth street and Park avenue, and surgeons probed for the bullet, a few friends at a downtown office were concluding an arrangement by which the loose ends of the banker's many enterprises were to be gathered up and financed by a stock company which would at least rescue sufficient to ensure Barney's future financial condition.

The conference broke up at the announcement of the death.

Mr. Barney, who was in his 57th year, shot himself yesterday while alone in his chamber in the rear of the second floor of his home. The bullet entered below the heart, and, following an oblique line, lodged in the back under the left shoulder blade. He died about 2:30 o'clock after suffering intensely. The death was reported to the coroner a little past 3 o'clock.

Charles Tracy Barney is shown in the last number of the directory of the directors of New York to have been connected with 34 different concerns, largely financial institutions. From some of these he was recently forced to retire under pressure.

That financial complications were not the only factors in Barney's act in taking his life was indicated by a recent publication of a story of a divorce suit about to be instituted against him. A weekly newspaper, without giving names, on Nov. 7 said that the wife of a man prominent socially had, in a very short time would, institute divorce proceedings.

To Make Financial Suggestions
Albany, Nov. 14.—Governor Hughes has addressed letters to A. B. Hays, E. S. Morison, E. W. Sheldon, A. S. Prissel, Stephen Baker and Andrew Mills, all banking or trust company men of New York city, requesting that they act as a committee to suggest what they may regard as any needed changes in the state laws governing banks and trust companies. It is understood that the governor has reasonable assurance that they will serve.

Previous Dividend Record Exceeded
Fall River, Mass., Nov. 12.—Cash dividends to the amount of \$901,350 have been divided among the owners of stock in the cotton mills of this city, according to a compilation prepared by Haffards & Co. for the quarter just finished. It is the greatest distribution in the history of cloth manufacturing, no other quarter exceeding \$661,850, which was the total last previous period.

Strikers Have Lost Positions
Brooklyn, Mass., Nov. 12.—A number of the strikers formerly employed by the W. L. Douglas Shoe company, who went on strike some six weeks ago and who on Saturday last voted to call the strike off, applied for their old positions yesterday, but none was put to work. The firm has stated that it is satisfied with its present crew of strikers.

Troublesome Utes Arrested
Ship Rock, N. M., Nov. 14.—Superintendent Sheldon of the Ute Indian agency denies the report that a fight took place between disaffected Utes and United States troops. All of the disaffected Utes are now under arrest here and no further trouble from them is expected.

Woman's Corpse in Men's Clothing
Trinidad, Col., Nov. 13.—Miss Katherine Vashbaugh, who successfully passed herself off as a man for about 60 years, and who died Monday, was buried yesterday, attired in a masculine black broadcloth suit, in accordance with her wish, expressed when dying.

Punished For Obscenity
Trenton, Nov. 12.—Bernard MacFadden, who was convicted of sending obscene matter through the mails by means of a physical culture magazine, was sentenced to two years' imprisonment and \$2000 fine.

Not Engaged to Be Married
Paris, Nov. 12.—Mme. Anna Gould has authorized The Associated Press to deny reports that she is engaged to be married to Prince Helle de Sagan or to anybody else.

Bell Launches Airship
Baddeck, N. S., Nov. 14.—After many years of experimental work the contrivances with which Dr. Bell hopes to solve the problem of aerial navigation was successfully launched here in the presence of a number of intimate friends of the inventor. The launching took place at the Bell laboratory, the ship being named "The Signet."

BURDEN SHIFTED

People Must Now Bear It as Well as Corporations

MELLEN TALKS OF PANIC

Politicians Who Posed as Prodders of Octopus "Did Not Know Gun Was Loaded"—Cites Case of Justice Being Band in New England

Hartford, Nov. 14.—Men prominent in state and municipal government, industry and agriculture, spoke words of welcome and encouragement to the members of the National Grange and their friends at the public meeting here last night, held in connection with the national convention. The principal speaker was President Mellen of the New York, New Haven and Hartford railroad, who said in part:

"The prejudice excited by demagogues and politicians against corporations has now reached a stage when others are suffering. The burden which has rested so heavily upon corporations and those charged with their affairs so long is being distributed, and the community will soon have its own troubles to worry about."

"The losses in value credit fortune in this country since the beginning of this year have been greater than occurred as a result of the Civil war. This is not a rich man's panic. It is a widespread distress rapidly extending itself to the farthest sections of the country. Even those who did not know the gun was loaded, whose only thought was sensation and popularity, are becoming sobered by the outlook."

"The position of the company with which I am connected furnishes an instance of wherein a business enterprise of large importance is being made the football of politicians and we are caused large loss and embarrassment. As a result of pressure by politicians, promoted, as I believe, by people whose interest is other than a desire for the enforcement of the law, an investigation has been ordered of our company."

"But for politics the investigation could have been completed long before this time, but an election was coming on and the interests involved (not ours) required notice in the press; something in the way of consideration commensurate with the dignity of the flickers and prodders of the octopus was necessary. Men had achieved distinction with less opportunity, and lightning might strike again. The chances were great."

"The agitation was started through mendacious reports that our company was going to finance a political campaign in a neighboring state for a large amount. Apparently nothing is too ridiculous to be believed when votes are in the balance, and quick action was secured by local legislation, holding everything up until after election and another session of the legislature."

"Justice is indeed blind when she can be led to hold up the largest business enterprise in New England that black-mail may be extorted."

"Don't misunderstand me. I don't talk, nor charge, that any government official is knowingly a party to any blackmailing scheme in this investigation, but I believe it has been instigated by parties not interested so much in the administration of justice as in securing a beneficial result to themselves, through exacting a price for their stock, and that it is less expensive to do their work and pay the bills in this way than it would be otherwise."

"After speaking of the money stringency in New York and how lack of money would cause a decrease in business, laying off of men and, through the company, affect the whole community, Mellen continued:

"As much selfish patriotism was shown during the recent panic in New York as was ever shown by any of those in other walks of life who have most severely criticised the men and methods of that financial center. Men risked their fortunes who were absolutely safe, and they been selfish, that others might save theirs."

"It takes a large-minded man, who has so much to resent in the scant consideration his efforts in behalf of the business interests of the country have received at the hands of those in authority, to forget so much and do so much in so short a time and so effectively."

Alleged Misuse of \$14,000,000
Chicago, Nov. 14.—The trial of John R. Walsh, formerly president of the Chicago National bank, now defunct, on a charge of misuse of the funds of that institution, has formally opened. The government will attempt to show that Walsh wrongfully took from the Chicago National bank, the Equitable Trust company and the Home Savings bank \$14,000,000.

Girls Wouldn't Join Union
Philmont, Conn., Nov. 12.—The employment of three girls who, it is said, will not join the Weavers' union, was the cause of a strike at the Lawton Cotton mills, 300 hands walking out when it became known that the girls would not become affiliated with the organization to which all the other weavers belong.

Ninety-Day Clause Effective
Waterbury, Conn., Nov. 12.—The 90-day clause requiring all depositors to notify savings banks 90 days before withdrawing any of their principal has been put into force in the local banks. This action was taken by the bankers to protect themselves from a run.

Naval Apprentices Transferred
Newport, R. I., Nov. 15.—In preparation for the voyage to the Pacific, 450 apprentice seamen from the training station here were transferred today to the battleships of the Atlantic fleet re-docking at the New York navy yard. About 900 others will soon be sent to the remainder of the ships at the several navy yards.

BRYAN IS WILLING

Will Run For Presidency If Democrats So Desire

STATEMENT TO PUBLIC

Does Not Ask For and Will Not Seek Nomination—Talks of Next Campaign and Says Cash Element Must Be Eliminated

Lincoln, Neb., Nov. 15.—William J. Bryan will accept the Democratic nomination for president in 1908, but he will neither ask nor make a fight for it. He says that for a year or more he has been pressed to answer the question: "Will you accept the nomination?" and he believes the public is entitled to an answer, and to know the position he occupies.

The question that ought to weigh most, he says, is whether his nomination will strengthen the Democratic party more than the nomination of some one else. Not only will he not seek or ask for the nomination, but he will not assume to decide the question of availability and, if the prize falls to another, he will neither be disappointed nor disgruntled. At the same time, he denies that he has waited this long in a desire to see whom the Republicans are likely to nominate, or to ascertain the chances of victory. Mr. Bryan says in part:

"Now that the election of 1907 is past and plans are being made for next year's campaign, Mr. Bryan feels that a statement is due to the public. Those who prefer another candidate are entitled to know his position and those who favor his nomination have a right to demand an answer to the question so often put: 'Will you accept a nomination?' His refusal to answer the question has led to the circulation of many false reports, and unfriendly newspapers have taken advantage of his silence to misrepresent his attitude."

"Mr. Bryan will not ask for or seek a nomination and he will not assume to decide the question of his availability. He has been so amply recompensed by his party for what he has done and for what he has endeavored to do that he cannot claim a nomination as a reward."

"The Republicans must nominate either a reformer, a stand-patter or one whose position on public questions is unknown, and the course of the Democratic party should be the same, no matter which element controls the Republican convention."

"The Democratic party must make the fight for what it believes. While it may take advantage of Republican mistakes, it must depend upon its own merits for success and not upon the errors of its opponents."

"The action of the Republican convention may have its influence in determining the relative availability of Democratic candidates, but it ought not to have any influence in determining the question whether the one chosen by the Democrats should accept the nomination. If the rank and file of the Democratic party desire Mr. Bryan to make the race, he will make it, no matter who may be the Republican nominee."

"The next campaign will be an appeal to the public conscience. The investigations have shown not only the corrupt use of large campaign funds, but the only source from which they can be drawn, namely—the corporations that seek to convert the government into a business asset."

"The Democratic campaign must be carried on by volunteers, who will work because they desire the triumph of Democratic ideas. We cannot hope to appeal to the world to buy the purchasable, even if such a course would contribute toward Democratic success."

Minister Fell From Grace
Binghamton, N. Y., Nov. 12.—Horace Cole, a former minister and author of several books, escaped from the Cortland jail Sunday night and was captured yesterday afternoon in Broome county. Cole is under indictment in Cortland county on the charge of horse stealing and in Broome county on the charge of burglary.

Bank Officers Bound Over
Portland, Ore., Nov. 14.—President Rogers, Vice President Hill and Treasurer Burkhardt of the Title Guaranty and Trust company, which suspended last week, were yesterday bound over to the state court under \$5000 bonds each. The charges are accepting deposits while knowing the bank was insolvent.

Fishermen's Awful Death List
St. Pierre, Minn., Nov. 13.—One hundred and twenty-three persons perished in the fishing fleet from this port during the season just ended. Seven vessels were lost. A majority of the men lost left large families. Nearly all the disasters occurred in the heavy storms of September and October.

Telephoning by Wireless
Berlin, Nov. 12.—A German company is now telephoning wirelessly from Nauen to various places in Germany, 60 miles distant. One of the managers of the company says that conversations have been conducted with extreme clearness and precision.

Wedding Followed Murder
White Rock, N. C., Nov. 14.—Within half an hour after he had shot his rival through the heart in his fiancée's presence, Clarke Norton accompanied Miss Elizabeth Gearty to a neighboring parsonage and the two were married.

Resolution Met Opposition
New York, Nov. 14.—A resolution protesting against the omission of the words "In God We Trust" from new United States gold coins was adopted by the New York diocesan convention of the Protestant Episcopal church here. After long argument 81 delegates recorded themselves as opposed to the resolution, while 131 votes were cast in favor of it.

HIBBARD BEATS HANNON

Fitzgerald and Outhurst the Other Hub Mayorality Nominees

Boston, Nov. 15.—At the joint municipal primaries held yesterday one of the lightest votes in years was cast, the total majority vote being a little over 45,000 out of a registration of 110,000. The vote was lessened somewhat by the fact that many Independence League voters, who were registered as Democrats, were refused the right to vote for their party candidates, and as they were not familiar with the law which allowed them to change their party designation by taking oath many of them left the polls without voting.

A feature of the primaries was the three-cornered fight for the Republican nomination for mayor, in which Postmaster George A. Hibbard easily won out by a vote of four to one against Street Commissioner Hannon. Former Representative Frederick W. Bliss, the third candidate, received about half as many votes as Hannon.

The Democratic nomination of Mayor Fitzgerald was uncontested, although the vote tallied considerably below the strength of the Democratic ballot cast, through the substitution of many other names on the ballot.

John A. Conlithurst was nominated by the Independence League for mayor.

Report on Railroad Collision
Bridleboro, Vt., Nov. 15.—The confusion and embarrassment experienced by a young woman operator because of the custom of railroad employees and others to frequent the telephone office of the Central Vermont railroad here are held by the state railroad commissioners to constitute the contributing cause of a collision between two passenger trains near Vernon on Sept. 20. The collision, they report, was due to the failure of the operator to deliver a copy of an order to the engineer and conductor of one of the trains, although she supposed she had done so.

Mellen's Speech Stirs Grangers
Hartford, Nov. 15.—Opinions were freely expressed here on the address made before the National Grange by President Mellen of the New Haven road, in which he denounced political attacks on railroads. Resolutions were unanimously passed setting forth in substance that the grange was not responsible for the statements. They were apparently unlooked for, and in the words of one of the grange officials, "took the farmers off their feet."

Jacks in Champion Football
Boston, Nov. 14.—In the presence of over 9000 Jackies of the navy and other spectators, football teams from the United States battleships Vermont and New Jersey battled for the championship of the North Atlantic squadron in this city, the men from the Vermont winning by the score of 6 to 0. The game was splendidly played throughout, the old style of play prevailing. The sailors brought along three bands.

Serious Charge Against Doctor
Waterbury, Conn., Nov. 15.—Dr. Hugh J. Dever, one of Waterbury's best known surgeons, was arrested on a warrant charging him with the death of Mrs. Charles W. Hale from a criminal operation, which is alleged to have been performed on Oct. 16. Mrs. Hale died last night. Dr. Dever came to this city about 15 years ago from Bridgeport. An inquest has been started and he is held under bonds of \$4000.

Deputy Sheriff For Many Years
North Attleboro, Mass., Nov. 15.—James W. Riley, believed to be the oldest deputy sheriff in point of length of service in Massachusetts, died here at the age of 86. He was appointed deputy in 1863 and had served continuously since.

GREATEST SKIN CURES ON EARTH

Are Cuticura Remedies—Suffered Six Months—Skin Full of Red Spots and Face Full of Pimples—Made Life Miserable—Was Discouraged—Doctors Useless

CURED BY CUTICURA REMEDIES IN ONE WEEK

"Cuticura Soap and Ointment are the greatest remedies for skin diseases on earth. I have suffered six months from a disease which I cannot describe, but I will tell you the symptoms. My skin was full of red spots and my face was full of red pimples. It made life miserable for me and I was discouraged with everything. I went to several doctors, but it was useless. But while reading a newspaper I came across one of your testimonials telling the value of the Cuticura Soap and Ointment. I resolved to try them, and after using them for about one week I became a new man. The pimples and the red spots have disappeared and they made my skin as soft as velvet. Now I am a constant user of the Cuticura Soap and Ointment and I recommend them highly. Albert Cashman, Bedford Station, N. Y., Nov. 20, 1905."

FOOT COMFORT

Obtained from Cuticura Soap and Ointment. For tired, aching, irritated, itching feet, inflammation and painful swelling of the joints, red and roughened skin, corns, bunions, etc., and for purifying the perspiratory glands. Soak the feet in Cuticura Soap and Hot Water, dry, and anoint with Cuticura Ointment. For the itching and irritation of eczema this treatment is most grateful, affording immediate relief and pointing to a speedy cure.

Complete External and Internal Treatment for Every Form of Itch, Eczema, and Skin Diseases. Cuticura Soap (50c) to cleanse the skin, Cuticura Ointment (10c) to soothe and cure. Cuticura Tablets (50c) to purify the blood. Sold throughout the world. Follow the directions on the wrapper. "It is a Cure for the Skin."

More Money Attracts More Money

One cannot push to the front ranks of financial success unless he starts in the right direction. Habit is powerful, and once you begin to save money, you'll find it easier to make regular, substantial deposits. Why not open an account with us now? It will earn

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Complete Line of all the New Shapes in HATS,

Felt, Velvet and Silk.

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CHAFING DISHES



With an ALCOHOL Lamp

you must fill the lamp, adjust the wick, strike a match, and be very careful not to spill alcohol on the table top.

With ELECTRICITY

you insert the plug and turn the switch. When this is done you can devote all your attention to the recipe.

We have the ELECTRIC kind, made by the General Electric Co. Ask us about them today

OLD COLONY STREET RAILWAY COMPANY

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You can find anything you want in our assortment of

SOUVENIR POSTAL CARDS.

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NICE STATIONERY

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27 CLARKE STREET.

The most modern and up to date House in the City.

A perfect House for Permanent or Transient Guests.

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SPECIAL RATES BY THE WEEK OR MONTH.

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Furnished Cottages

TO RENT AT

BLOCK ISLAND.

H. S. MILLIKIN,

Real Estate Agent.

Great-Aunt Lucy Lee.

Sometimes when I am tired of play
My mother says to me,
"Come, daughter, we will call today
On Great-Aunt Lucy Lee."

And soon, by mother's side, I skip
Along the quiet street,
Where I had old trees, on either side,
Whose shadows lay on my feet.

The houses stand in solemn rows,
And not a child is seen;
The blinds are drawn, the doors are shut,
The walks are spun and clean.

Then when we come to number three,
I stretch my hand up—so!
And find the old brass knocker's rings
Tapping, and in me go.

There Great-Aunt Lucy, small and prim,
Sits by the chimney place;
Her knitting-needles clicking go,
And never seem to cease.

Aunt Lucy's eyes are blue and kind,
Her wrinkles are like fur;
She smiles with a soft, sweet glow,
Her pretty silver hair.

Aunt Lucy's voice is sweet and low,
Her smile is quick and bright;
She wears a gown of lavender,
And keeps her feet so white.

I fold my hands in front of me
And sit quite still and still,
Till Great-Aunt Lucy, smiling, says,
"Come hither, little child!"

And from her saken bag she takes
A peppermint or two,
And questions me about my play,
My school, my doll, the Zoo.

And then she sings for Grandma, who
Comes hobbling stiffly in,
With sugar cakes and jelly tarts
Upon a shining tin.

When I have eaten all I can,
Aunt Lucy says to me,
"Go to the garden, where all kinds
Of lovely flowers grow."

The roses of a hundred leaves,
Sweet willows, four o'clocks,
Pinks, daisies, hollyhocks and things
All bordered round with box.

And there's an arbor, where the grapes
Hang low enough to reach;
A path leads just across the path,
And by the wall a bench.

And out I think it very nice
To come and visit here;
The house, the garden and the folks
All seem so very queer!

And though I am well satisfied,
A while to romp and play,
A wee old lady, kind and dear,
I want to become day!

And so I hope that when I too,
Have grown to eighty-three,
I'll be a lovely lady like
My Great-Aunt Lucy Lee.

—Cora Walker Hayes, in October St. Nicholas.

Silverfoot.

His name was Silverfoot and we
were proud to call him that when we
learned to understand the beauty of
that shaggy head; but the first uncom-
plimentary title, that of Wizen Face,
which the houseless wail received, was
hard to outlive.

Such a dog was he! His bony sides
stuck together and only in privileged
places remained any of the curly red
coat that bespoke of a past of more
prosperous days. A tail—rather a
hairless handle—wagged to and fro in
appreciation of my fellowship. His
face—intelligent, but such a forsaken,
lost friend expression!

Silverfoot and I were friends, but at
first the mistress would have nothing
whatever to do with him. His coming
seemed anything but a favorable wave
to our little harbor. There was no
portion of the household but where he
left his mischievous traces. Silverfoot
quickly became Wizen Face, and Wizen
Face his name remained in sarcastic
vehement.

The dog prospered in his new quar-
ters. His appetite increased until it
approached the ravenous, and even
the calloused hide was quickly covered
with a new growth of short, curly
hair. One day he would exhibit re-
markable cleverness, alternating the
next with every act devoid of any sag-
acity. He would sleep for hours in a
sheltered nook under the grape arbor,
or go tearing up and down the paths
with the pretence of hunting squirrels,
or digging for a stray woodchuck.

Under Silverfoot's shaggy head there
was a wisdom that bordered on the
mysterious. He made it his duty to
investigate the identity of all who
passed the house. To the edge of the
lawn he would follow them, sniffing at
their heels in an indifferent way,
then dropping on his haunches in a
crest fallen manner show his displeas-
ure in not recognizing them. Thus far
he would go and no farther; not even
the mistress could persuade him to
continue, or detain him from doggedly
skulking back to his kennel.

Few, in our neighborhood, dared to
make his acquaintance. Many knew
the strength of his powerful jaws, and
too many a suspicious character left a
portion of his coat in Silverfoot's
mouth after a hasty exit over the fence.
Despite all this I knew Silverfoot to
be a faithful pet. His delight seemed
to be in saving our household. He
would trot to the post-office, and, with
his fore feet on the delivery shelf, wait
until the mail was placed in his mouth.
He would carry a note to the grocery
and do our marketing in fine style,
even carrying a basket of eggs without
breaking one of them. One day an
other dog bothered him during the errand,
but he stood the taunts until the
eggs were carefully left on the door-
step, then turned, with the fury of a
mad dog, upon his tormentor, and
punished him soundly.

Silverfoot's greatest pleasure was a
bore to the railroad men. The A. & O.
railroad followed our winding valley
for several miles along Blue River, and
made a crossing near our house. It
was here that Silverfoot delighted to sit
upon the track and wait for the after-
noon express; his eyes closed and in all
appearance fast asleep.

Calmly unconcerned he would watch
the train as it plunged madly down the
track until, when it thundered over the
crossing, he would jump aside and be
enveloped in a cloud of steam.

No other train but the express could
lure him. Even though a "Special" pre-
ceded the express a few minutes, he
was not to be outwitted, and the long
while as they entered the cut at the
lower end of the valley was never mis-
taken for the elbime of the express.

The old engineer was a friend of our
family, and many times did he franti-
cally blow his whistle endeavoring to
frighten our pet from the track. Silver-
foot never gloated over his ways.
Though he may have been conscious of
bothering the engineer he never
glanced toward the engine. Not even
a good-natured "doggy look" could
the engineer detect from those down-
cast eyes as the dog slunk back to the
house.

Then Silverfoot's enemies proclaimed
he had stolen a sheep and didn't dare
hold his head up and look them square-
ly in the face. "Ty as I might I was
never able to catch his eye. But
Grandpa delights in relating how he
saw our pet single out a dog that had

been worrying the sheep and thrashed
him soundly.

We respected Silverfoot for his char-
acteristics; for they were original with
him. After a little the dog pressed
to win favor from his eyes, but it was
too late. Greedily he would gnaw the
bone she gave him and look for more,
but whenever she tried to pet his shag-
gy head, or induce him to follow her,
his eyes dropped in an apparent lack of
interest.

Late that summer, when every breeze
whirled the dry leaves along the dusty
road, Silverfoot and I set out for a
walk one afternoon. In a muddy pool,
below the long rail road trestle, I hoped
to find some of the delicate water plants
that were just approaching their prime
growth. Carefully I was working
along the mudhole, clinging to the
bushes on the shore as I reached for
the delicate blossoms I found in abun-
dantly.

Suddenly—some never knows just how
it happens—I lost my hold on the bank
and splash I slid into the mudhole.
Down, down, down, into that murky
pool I slipped.

Struggling frantically, I tried to save
myself, hardly realizing there was any
danger of sinking deep, but lower and
lower I went, and try as I might I
could not reach the bushes on the shore
to help myself.

Then I realized my predicament. I
laughed how exhausted I would be
in the morning, and an almost deadly
stupor came over me. Worse than
that I feared I would sink out of sight,
for there seemed little hope of rescue.
It seemed as if I had been struggling
for an hour. In reality it was but a
short time. I was sinking fast—the
mud was up to my waist—then I felt a
cold chill come over me.

There was a tug at my shoulders.
Silverfoot was helping me. I could
feel his warm breath as he pressed
against my face. Now he was in the
water, struggling to reach the shore.
Now he was tugging up and down the
bank, tugging at my collar.

Then a providential bush fell across
my face, and in my eagerness I reached
high upon the bank for a good hold.
Always have I insisted that Silverfoot
brushed the limb over the water that I
might save myself, and I could feel
his soft muzzle as he tugged at my
coat.

That was all. As I lay there, almost
exhausted, a thunderous roar filled the
valley. It was the afternoon express,
and Silverfoot was sitting between the
rails.

He cared for no reward; his shaggy
head was bowed and his brown eyes
betrayed no interest. I whistled softly
to call him away from the danger, but
he would not even look at me. Only an
occasional snappy glance of his eyes
showed he was watching a cat-bird
that frisked among the branches of an
elder beside the track.

The express was late. A cloud of fire
and smoke poured from the stack and
there was a louder roar as the long
train struck the trestle, but Silverfoot
only wagged his shaggy head in the
excitement. Again and again I whis-
tled for him to come away from the
danger, but he would not give up his
old familiar trick.

Then—and then something happened.
Perhaps he was exhausted by the hero-
ic efforts in saving my life, or perhaps
it was just his "doggy-Providence."
For one short instant there was a muf-
fled roar as the train surged forward,
a grinding of brakes and a hiss of steam
—then the ponderous engine passed
over—Harry A. Packard, in *Vick's*
Magazine.

Speed of Animals.

How fast do the animals go? What
is the greatest speed of each of the an-
imals, from the horse to the camel,
from the ant to the flea? This is the
problem which has puzzled the brains
of more than one investigator, and the
results of their work have been gath-
ered together by Prof. John Oshausen
in a most interesting shape.

A riding horse covers forty inches
each second while walking; at a jog
trot it covers eleven feet a second,
while the two-minute horse covers for-
ty-four feet a second. This is quite a
contrast to the leisurely ox, which
moves over only two feet a second
when hitched to a wagon, and about
twenty inches a second when hitched
to a plow.

The elephant, while pulling more
than six horses, walks over four and a
half feet of ground each second, and
running as fast as it can covers only
eighteen feet a second. The dromedary
can cover ninety-three miles in sixteen
hours, which represents its day's
march, and can do this two or three
days together, traveling at the constant
rate of eight feet per second. The
dromedaries of the Sahara have, how-
ever, covered 116 miles in twelve hours,
or at the rate of 9 1/2 miles an hour.

Sheep dogs and hunting dogs run at
a speed of from thirty-three to forty-
five feet a second, but the fastest hunt-
ing dogs cover eighty feet a second,
almost as much as that of a running
horse, which covers thirty feet to a
second for a short distance. An Eng-
lish foxhound will cover sixty feet a
second in captivity. A lion is said to
be able to run faster than the best
hunting horse while at large.

The mole passes rapidly through its
subterranean diggings, extending from
one hundred to 150 feet, moving at the
rate of 6 1/2 feet a second, and on the sur-
face of the earth travels at a speed of
ten feet a second.

Authorities differ as to the speed of
the hare, some stating that it can cover
sixty feet a second, while others
state that it can go only one third as
fast.

The deer of various species are all
speedy, but when pursued by hounds a
roe-buck has been known to cover sev-
enty-four feet a second. The wonder-
ful little antelope covers twenty or
thirty feet at a leap, springing ten feet
in the air, and the swiftest dogs can
catch it only when fired out.

The long-legged gnu moves over
the earth at a speed of fifty feet per
second, while the kangaroo leaps over
eleven feet a second.

Swifter than all the animals is that
monster from the astral, which has
been known to travel at the tremen-
dous rate of 180 feet a second or a mile
in thirty-three seconds, faster than
any horse can go.

This is in striking contrast with the
tortoise, which if five inches long cov-
ers a half inch a second, and if ten
inches long 2 1/2 inches a second. A toad
goes eight inches a second, though it
is only two inches long; a frog six in-
ches long hops but three inches a second,
but swims 4 1/2 inches a second. A large
frog may, however, jump thirteen
inches a second.

The chameleon is not much more
rapid than a tortoise when walking,
covering nine-sixteenths of an inch a
second, and running only three inches a
second.

A rattlesnake moves in a curved line
four inches a second, and when after
its prey may travel twenty or forty
inches a second. —*Maneapolis Tribune*

SELECTED HIS OWN GRAVE.

Dead Shot Bill Found the Marshal
Was Not to Be Bluffed.

When Dead Shot Bill rode into Hays
City one day in the early seventies
with his hat pulled down over his eyes
and a hand back around his mouth those
who knew him said that he had come
for blood. He had not, however. He
had come to have an understanding
with Dave Mink, who had lately been
appointed city marshal. Bill sat on his
horse in front of the Star saloon until
Dave came along, and when they had
saluted each other and shaken hands
he said, "Dave, what about this city
marshal business? 'I'm going to keep
order,' was the reply. 'No more
shootin' up the town?' 'No more,
Bill.' 'You'll stop it?' 'I will.'"

"Say, Dave, you can't do it. You
are a good man, but you jess can't do
it. I'm coming in tomorrow to capture
the town." "Don't try it on, Bill!"

"But I shall, Dave." "Hev you got a
few inhibits to spare?" asked Dave as
he gave a hitch to his gun. "A hui
bour. What's wanted?" "Come over
to the graveyard, Bill, and select your
last restin' place. It's gitta' up party
fast, but that ar' a few choice spots
left." They went over the creek to
Boot Hill, the three acre spot set aside
for the dead, and as Bill got off his
horse Dave waved his hand and said,
"Take your pick and I'll put a Chiny-
man at work diggin' the grave."

Bill walked over the ground and
finally selected a sunny spot on the
south side of a knoll and said it would
do. The city marshal called to a Chi-
naman who was passing and ordered
him to get a shovel and dig a hole, and
then he turned to Bill with, "Want, at
what time tomorrow kin I expect you?"
"About noon, Dave." "Sure to come?"
"Dead sure. I never disappoint an
audience, you know." "I'll be ready.
Goodby, Bill." "So long, Dave." At
11:55 o'clock next day Dead Shot Bill
came into Hays City with a whoop
and a yell, his broncho on a dead run
and a gun in either hand. At 12:05 he
was lying dead in front of the Wild
West saloon, and at 12:15 the inquest
had been concluded and he was occu-
pying the grave he had selected. The
city marshal had downed him, and
the verdict of the jury was, "We are
kinder sorry for the deceased, but it
was all right and according to Hoyle."
—*Denver Field and Farm*.

AN IRISH SUPERSTITION.

Fishermen Don't Like to Meet Woman
When Starting For Work.

Superstitions as to its being most
unlucky to meet a woman when set-
ting out to fish or upon any journey by
sea are not uncommon. From a head-
land on the Donegal coast the writer
was one day, anxiously watching a
small smack beating across the bay
against a heavy sea and stiff breeze
which had suddenly sprung up. After
a long and hard fight for it the little
craft made the pier in safety, and up-
on condolences being offered the skip-
per on his recent hardships he said:
"Sure, what better luck could I have?
Didn't I meet a rebeheaded woman in
Bligo this morning the moment I left
my lodging to walk down to the boat?"
In this case the color of the woman's
hair and the fact of her being the first
person met with after the man left
his house seemed to be the determin-
ing factors in the day's luck. But in
other places the objection to such an
encounter embraces half of all shades
and any hour of the day, it being am-
ply sufficient to bring the ill luck that
any woman should pass you by. Just
as you are walking down to the boat.
Only a few weeks ago the writer visit-
ed a small fishing village on the Gal-
way coast and just before getting on
his car to return home was chatting
to the landlady of the little inn. A
strapping young fisherman who was
walking down the road toward the
harbor suddenly stopped, climbed over
the fence and made his way to his
boat across the fields. The writer ob-
served to his hostess that the young
fellow must have mistaken him for a
process server with a writ for him.
She laughed rather derisively and said:
"It's not you at all, sir, he's afraid of
me. He's just going fishing and
would not pass me by if you gave him
the fill of his hat of gold." —*London Chronicle*.

Napoleon.

There is no doubt Napoleon fell
through the sheer dizziness of the
height he had climbed to. "The Duc
de Angouleme," says the Comtesse de
Bourbon, "once explained to me the na-
ture of his connection with the em-
peror in a phrase which is more or less
applicable to the whole nation. 'When
Napoleon said, 'All for France,' I
served with enthusiasm. When he said,
'France and I,' I served with zeal.
'When he said, 'I and France,' I served
with obedience. When he said 'I'
without France, I felt the necessity of
parting from him.' —*T. P.'s London Weekly*.

A Night on the Sleeper.
"Have you ever traveled in a sleep-
ing car, Uncle Jasper?"
"Yes, once. But I didn't sleep any."
"What was the trouble?"
"You see, I'd just greased my boots,
and I'd heard tell about them porters
always takin' people's shoes out and
blackin' em, so I had to keep awake
all night so he wouldn't get a hold of
mine, fer I knew if he done it he'd
want extra on account of the hard job.
Blamed if I can see why the company
allows them kind of things to go on." —*Chicago Record-Herald*.

Jeweler—"You say you want some
name engraved on this ring?"
Young Man—"Yes, I want the
words (George, to his dearest Alice,
engraved on the inside of the ring."
"Is the young lady your sister?"
"No; she is the young lady to whom
I am engaged."
"Well, if I were you I would not
have (George, to his dearest Alice, en-
graved on the ring. If Alice changes
her mind you can't use the ring again."
"What would you suggest?"
"I would suggest that the words be
(George, to his first and only love."
You see, with that inscription you can
use the ring half a dozen times. I
have had experience in such matters
myself." —*Phila. Inquirer*.

THE SPOILERS.

CONTINUED FROM PAGE THREE

stream bed, half damming the waters
with his body. It was for this he had
so carefully wrapped his fuses. A man
passed over him so close above that he
might have touched him. The sentry
paused a few paces beyond and ac-
cused another, then retraced his steps
over the bridge. Evidently this was
the picket line, so they warmed his
way forward till he saw the blacker
blackness of the mine buildings, then
drew himself, dripping, out from the
bank. He had run the gauntlet safely.

Since evicting the owners, the re-
coiler had erected substantial houses in
place of the tents he had found on the
mine. They were of frame and corru-
gated iron, sleeked within and suited
to withstand a moderate exposure.
The partners had witnessed the opera-
tion from a distance, but knew nothing
about the buildings from close exami-
nation.

A thrill of affection for this place
wanned the young man. He loved this
old mine. It had realized the dream of
his boyhood and had answered the
hope he had clung to during his long
fight against the northland. It had
come to him when he was dishearten-
ed, bringing cheer and happiness, and
had yielded itself like a bride. Now it
seemed a crime to ravage it.

He crept toward the nearest wall
and listened. Within was the sound
of voices, though the windows were
dark, showing that the inhabitants
were on the alert. Beneath the founda-
tions he made mysterious prepara-
tions, then sought out the office build-
ing and cook house, doing likewise.
He found that back of the seeming re-
pose of the Midas there was a strained
expectancy.

Although suspense had lengthened
the time out of all calculation, he
judged he had been gone from his com-
panions at least an hour and that they
must be in place by now. If they were
not—if anything failed at this eleventh
hour—well, those were the fortunes of
war. In every enterprise, however
carefully planned, there comes a time
when chance must take its turn.

He made his way inside the black-
smith shop and fumbled for a match.
Just as he was about to strike it he
heard the swish of oilied clothes pass-
ing and waited for some time. Then,
igniting his punk and hiding it under
his coat, he opened the door to listen.
The wind had died down now, and the
rain sang musically upon the metal
roofs.

He ran swiftly from house to house,
and when he had done, at the apices
of the triangle he had traced three
glowing coals were sputtering.

The final bolt was launched at last.
He stepped down into the ditch and
drew his .45, while to his untended
senses it seemed that the very hills
leaped forth in breathless pause, that
the rain had ceased and the whole
night hushed its thousand voices. He
found his lower jaw set so tightly that
the muscles ached. Leveling his weapon
at the eaves of the bunk house, he
pulled trigger rapidly, the bang, bang,
bang, six times repeated, sounding dull
and dead beneath the blanket of mist
that overhung. A shout sounded be-
hind him, and then the shriek of a
Winchester ball close over his head.
He turned in time to see another shot
stream out of the darkness, where a
sentry was firing at the flash of his
gun, then bent himself double and
plunged down the ditch.

With the first impact overhead the
men poured forth from their quarters
armed and bristling, to be greeted by
a volley of gunshots, the thud of bul-
lets and the dwindling whine of spent
lead. They leaped from shelter to
find themselves girt with a stifling hoop
of fire, for the "Strangers" had spread
in the arc of a circle and now emptied
their rifles toward the center. The
defenders, however, maintained sur-
prising order considering the sudden-
ness of their attack and ran to join
the sentries, whose positions could be
determined by the nearer flashes. The
voice of a man in authority shouted
loud commands. No demonstration
came from the outer volds, nothing
but the wicked streaks that stabbed
the darkness. Then suddenly behind
McNamara's men the night glared
brilliant as though a great furnace door
had opened and then changed shut,
while with it came a hoarse thumping
roar that silenced the rifle play. They
saw the cook house disrupt itself and
disintegrate into a thousand flying
timbers, and twisted sheets of tin
which soared upward and outward
over their heads and into the night.
As the rocking hills ceased echoing
the sound of the vigiliant rifles re-
turned like the cracking of dry sticks,
then everywhere about the defenders
the earth was lashed by falling debris,
while the iron roof rang at the fast-
fade.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

What He Had to Say.
"Well, George, do you know it is 1
o'clock? What have you to say for
yourself?"

"I did have s-s-somethin' to s-say, my
dear, b-but you've gone an' s-scared it
out o'-my head. Oh, I remember it
now!"

"Well, what is it?"
"Good night." —*Cleveland Plain Dealer*.

The Family Jar.
"The body of the late Major Jinks
was cremated."
"What they goin' to do with it?"
"His widow has him corked up in a
fruit jar." —*Atlanta Constitution*.

Rossini was so lazy that in his
younger days he was accustomed to
compose in bed. Once he was writing
a trio and had it almost completed
when the sheet of music fell out of his
hand and went under the bed. He
could not reach it, and rather than get
up he wrote another.

Dante was married to Gemma Do-
nati, a woman of stern, imperious tem-
per. He was hectorated and bullied
day and night until his exile, which
was, in this respect for him, not an un-
fortunate occurrence. He does not
mention Gemma in any of his writ-
ings.

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The Knob Country Bear.

"Seems that it pays better to fly in the face of Providence, wiser all, as far as Uncle Jesse is concerned, than it is to not to," remarked the man from the Knob country. "An' that them that wouldn't think of 'doin' it ain't always them as gits their reward handed out on this mud-and-spear."

"I'm jedg' of this here wint' fact from what come of Uncle Jesse's recollection of the battered tin tobacco box that he unfurled to the feller from the city (other day, tellin' him how it had been swallered by a bear that found it in a stump the bear was robbin' of wild honey, where the box had been hid by a feller who suspected that it had something in it that he could bid his an' git up a little thumpin' good dicker with, an' how this feller killed the bear, an' how it had been swallered the tobacco box, an' the bear bin' thin an' starvin', him an' the persecutor of a poor horn-headed woman made the widdler a present of a joke ouber, the widdler flinched, the tobacco box inside the bear when she cut it up, which it was a lucky find fer her, as the box had in it a will that left her every ding bit of the property her persecutor had, he hadn't got it under a will that wouldn't go."

"Mebbe you mind me tellin' you about this recollection of Uncle Jesse's an' how, when we told the astounded city feller that the tobacco box was one that Simon had thrown away that day, an' the boys had been using it as a pistol target, which had battered it so, instead of its bein' all dented up by the bear's teeth, as Uncle Jesse told him, he started up the road arter Jesse, an' that I hadn't heard whether he was ketchin' up with Uncle Jesse or not, but that if he had I'd be a little wiser, that that Jesse had flew in the face of Providence wunst too often, for the city feller had flinched his eye? Mebbe you mind me tellin' you any?"

"Well, I've heard since that he ketchin' up with Uncle Jesse. He ketchin' him fore he had gone half a mile. An' did it go hard with Jesse fer flyin' in the face of Providence, for what about the tobacco box? Just like, an' see how the wicked flourish, while the upright sets around with their throats a-parchlin'. The city feller ketchin' up with Jesse, sure enough an' he says:

"Hold on! he says to Jesse. 'Come back to the tavern,' he says, 'an' have somethin' on me!'

"An' he fetched Jesse back to the tavern, an' I hear that the way he did ketchin' him was a wile an' a shame—me a-wellin' over to Simon's store, ponderin' with sorrow on the way that Uncle Jesse had mebbe done it wunst too often—an' an' even a drop of older in Simon's pitcher!"

The man from the Knob country was plainly moved deeply by these edifying moral reflections.

"An' then he farder said he by and by, 'I was settin' in at Simon's store only two or three days arter I'd heard how disappintin' it was to be ketchin' them as follows in the ways of the pillage of truth an' them that ain't quick at rememberin' an' thinkin' up things instead of bein' amongst the Uncle Jesse that flew in the face of Providence, an' who should be there but this feller from the city agin, an' Eli's Sam was sayin' that it was a peckin' shame the way bears had been stealin' sheep back in the Knob country."

"The city feller says, 'yes, he'd heard so too, an' he didn't know bears were satch sheep stealers.' "Neither be they says I. Not Knob country bears, anyhow, 'I says, 'an' any one that says they're stealin' sheep don't know what they're talkin' about! I says."

"Uncle Jesse wa'n't there, or I s'pose he'd 'a' flew in the face of Providence agin with somethin' or other about what bears 'd do an' what they wouldn't do, but Eli's Sam he looked up sort of surprised when I says that them bears wasn't stealin' sheep, an' he says he didn't know what I called it, then, but of course if I said so there couldn't be no doubt about it."

"You're right on that point! says Simon to Eli's Sam, an' the city feller says he was glad to hear it."

"No, I says, 'Them bears ain't stealin' them sheep at all. They're only takin' just what they've got a right to, I says, an' then I told em' why."

"How did the first sheep git into the Knob country? I says, 'Bears! That's how! When the first settlers set down in the Knob country they didn't have a sheep with 'em. Arter they got things to runnin' poaty-tolerable they found that they needed sheep the wust way. Bears was plenty enough, but folks couldn't shear wool offen bears. So what was they goin' to do about it?"

"But one day one of them settlers went out to do his chores early in the mornin', an' he sees two slamin' big bears skinnin' away from his clearing, as fast as they could go. He didn't think nothin' of that, or course, but when he looked around an' see a pair of nice sheep in his yard he most dropped dead. As soon as he could git breath enough he shouted for joy."

"An' they're like munny in the wilderness was to the children of Is'el, time they was lost in the woods," says he. "An' yit," says he, "it don't seem neither as if they could 'a' rained down." They must be a miracle, though," says he, "an' it's a mighty good thing I come out here jest as I did, or them two smoppin' bears would 'a' had 'em, an' I'd never knowed it," says he joyful.

"But arter while it got around that another settler had gone out early in the mornin' to do his chores an' had found a pair of sheep in his yard an' see two slamin' big bears skinnin' away. An' the returns kep' comin' in that this, that an' other settler had found a pair of sheep in his yard an' seen two slamin' big bears skinnin' away from there. An' what did it all mean, anyhow?"

"Well, they soon figured it out what it all meant. It meant that bears had gone some'n' an' brought them sheep back with 'em. I don't know where they got 'em. I don't know where they got 'em, but the bears knowed. Them bears wanted sheep themselves, an' they see a way out of skinnin' all over the country lookin' up mutton, which they had been doin', and that way was to bring in a few pair of sheep and plant the Knob country with 'em, an' they just went an' done it—an' that's what they was doin'."

"Well, what then? Why then them bears that back in the Knob country to-day is the posterity of the bears that played them sheep there, an' the sheep that's there now is all owing to that plantin'." So them bears has got a right to help themselves to mutton in the Knob country, for it's only leavin' on their own; an' folks that says they're stealin' don't know what they're talkin' about that's all!"

"That's what I told 'em so as to set down Knob country bears right, an' Eli's Sam an' Simon says they was

glad to hear it, an' they'd never throw it up to them bears agin that they was sheep thieves."

"No, sir! I says, havin' some more livin' facts about them Knob country bears. Folks that says them bears is sheep stealin' don't know what they're talkin' about, no more than they know what the ole in a bear's foot is fer! If you ask ketch folks as them what it was fer they'd up an' say that it was fer the bears to feed on when they hole up fer the winter an' lay off an' suck their paws. Fudge an' fiddlesticks! There may be bears somewheres that hole up to suck their paws all winter, but they ain't Knob country bears. Knob country bears don't hole up fer the winter to eat. They hole up to sleep, an' their stomachs is empty an' weak in the spring, but their heads ain't. They know that they've got to hole up their stomachs first with somethin' to eat, an' not neffy, an' they break fer the creek soon as they come out an' stretch themselves a little."

"They break fer the creek. What ter? Ketch fish. When they git to the creek they hunt up a log that sticks out in the water a ways. They crawl out on to the log an' lay flat on it, one paw on each side of it, under the water. Then they squeeze a few drops of the oil out each paw. Poaty soon chubs, suckers an' every kind of fish that's in the creek it come sailin' up to git their share of it. Then it'd be with your while to jest watch an' see how much a Knob country bear knows. If there don't happen to be no trout amongst the fish that comes up fer the oil the bear'll hook chubs an' suckers on to his claws an' haul 'em out an' eat 'em. But if there's a trout amongst 'em he'll pick them choice feller out every time an' pay no more attention to the chubs an' suckers than if they was so many tin bait fish."

"An' there the bears'll lay an' fish an' fish, usin' that foot oil bait, an' if their run down stomachs fer pork an' mutton an' satch slobbery by an' by, knowin' if they took to eatin' them weak an' empty stomachs of their'n with satch hearty vittuals the first thing in the spring dyspepsy would awoken down on 'em like crows on a corn field an' the widdler'd be all tore up by the dyin' kicks of leucoderid's beads. They're wile!"

"Eli's Sam and Simon both up and says that they never knowed so much about the Knob country bears afore an' that it was an' a surprise an' a Sunday school book. An' now see how it seems that it pays better to be a flyer in the face of Providence arter all, that it's not to be an' that them as wouldn't think of 'doin' it ain't always them as gits their reward on this mud-and-spear. The city feller got offen the crocker bar! where he was settin' stretched himself like a tired ole man, gaped till you could see the inside of the back of his head an' then says to Simon:

"I thought mebbe I'd catch Uncle Jesse here to-day," says he. If he should happen to come in tell him I'm waitin' fer him over to the tavern," says he."

"An' he walked out, leavin' me an' Eli's Sam an' Simon as speechless that you'd a took us fer a deaf and dumb asylum!"

Her Journey.

Jennie was visiting Aunt Dora. She had promised her mother she would be brave and not be homesick. She had really meant to keep that promise, but how could she know how very lonesome it was going to be in the strange town with no little girls to play with?

But if she could not be brave and could be polite, she told herself. She listened patiently while Aunt Dora read from "Alice in Wonderland," and when she paused, her niece said, with a little sigh, "I wish I could go on a journey and have some adventures."

Aunt Dora laughed. "I am afraid you are too small a girl to go on a very long journey," she said, "but perhaps you are old enough to go on a short one. You shall take my red velvet purse and this bright nickel and go to the baker's and buy some tarts."

How Jennie's eyes danced as she put on her hat! If there was anything else she was fond of it was tarts—and to be allowed to carry Aunt Dora's purse and go alone! Nothing could be nicer, she was sure.

Her journey to the bakery was uneventful, but she had forgotten all about being homesick, and she felt delightfully grown up as she paid for the three delicious, flaky tarts with mounds of currant jelly in the centre.

As she started for home with her purchase in a bag, she saw a dog so much like Rover, her own big, brave dog, that she called him, and began to smooth his silky head.

Now this dog's name happened to be Rover, too, and he often carried bundles for his mistress in his mouth. This little girl must want him to carry her bundle, he thought, so he took the bag out of Jennie's hands and started on ahead.

Poor little Jennie! This was not a pleasant sort of an adventure. The dog was running so fast she never could catch him. What should she do?

Why, he was coming back—and there was a little girl with him just about as old as Jennie!

"I saw my dog take your bundle," she exclaimed. "I am so sorry! But, you see, he often carries my bundles for me, and he didn't know. He is really a very nice dog."

"Oh, it's all right," Jennie said, brushing her tears away. "I know he must be a good dog, for he looks just like my Rover, and he is just the best dog that ever was! I'm glad he took my bag, for I shouldn't have seen you if he hadn't, and I wanted somebody to play with so much. Can't you come to see me? I am visiting my Aunt Dora, and I am so lonesome!"

So the two little girls and Rover went home together, and when Aunt Dora heard Jennie's story she laughed and said: "Well, Jennie, you have had a real adventure, haven't you?"

Christine Gleason, in Youth's Companion.

"It looks very much as though some people are born to ill luck," sighed the old lady.

"Why do you think so?" queried the chance caller.

"Well, take myself, for instance," said the old lady. "I have collected nearly ten thousand medical recipes and panted them into a book during the last fifty years, and I have never been sick a day in my life."—Chicago News.

Wife—But why don't you want me to buy your peckles any more? Hubby—Well, er—let's rather buy them myself than have you go to all that trouble.

Wife—But I like to do things for you.

Hubby—Oh, in that case I'll let you look after the furnace this winter.

Paying the Mortgage.

When the father and husband died, leaving Mrs. Graves and Hilda alone, the latter eighteen years old, the two women saw a gloomy future before them.

There was not only a living to earn, but a mortgage of \$300 on the cottage in the suburban town to pay off. Being an invalid, the mother could earn little or nothing, though she talked bravely of dressmaking. It was for Hilda to furnish the income—to plan and save and scheme and keep things going.

After many failures and disappointments she found a place in the city with an old-fashioned lawyer, who preferred her neat cursive to typewriting, and for two long years she scarcely missed a day. From her earnings she could now and then put aside a dollar to pay the interest on the mortgage, but every penny had to count.

One day a piece of good luck happened to Hilda Graves. In returning from lunch she found a roll of bills on the street. She snatched it up from her feet and almost ran the rest of the way to the office.

Her employer was out, and she counted over the bills and found that she was the richer by \$300. Now the mortgage could be paid off, and there would be money left for clothes and other things.

The thought that the money belonged to someone else, and that it was her duty to advertise for the loser never occurred to her. In her own village, it would have been different, but in the great city findings were keepings. Money was so plenty that it wasn't likely that the loser of this sum would trouble himself about it.

She was so exultant over her find and so impatient to get home and tell the good news that she asked to be excused at three o'clock in the afternoon.

When Hilda took the trolley car a well-dressed young man took a seat next to her. A moment later Walter Gifford climbed aboard the same car and took a seat back of her.

The well-dressed young man was out for business as a pickpocket, and young Mr. Gifford, of an insurance company, was going out to the suburb to do some business for his company.

An ordinary observer would have decided that Hilda was of the army of working women. She might have been superior in looks, but not in dress. Her shoulders were beginning to round a bit, too, and Sherlock Holmes would have detected the ink smudge on her finger that could not be entirely scrubbed off with soap and water.

If she had not persistently kept her hand in her dress pocket the well-dressed young man would not have given her a second thought. His game was the fat brewer on the other side of him.

The car had hardly made half a mile when the girl's hat blew off. It was caught by Mr. Gifford and restored to her. She had to turn to thank him, and of course she got a good look at his face.

Then the woman on her right cried out that she had lost her reticule, and during the momentary excitement Miss Graves and Mr. Gifford passed a few words.

Then came a climax. In rounding a curve the car left the track and broght up against the fence. Everybody was astonished, but no one seriously hurt, although badly mixed up with the seats and each other.

In the confusion Mr. Gifford found a roll of bills on the floor of the car. He held on the money until some one should make an outcry. None came. Another car came along after a few minutes and picked up the excited passengers, and not one of them had said a word about a loss.

Mr. Gifford was just as honest as you of it. He showed that roll down until his pocket and decided to wait until the lost advertisement. The victim of a \$300 loss would be sure to do that.

The next day and the next and the next, and in fact, for a whole week, Mr. Gifford looked at the "Lost and Found" in three different dailies, but no advertisement appeared.

He then came to the conclusion that the roll must have dropped from his own vest pocket as the car was trying to climb the fence, or that the motor-man, who had fled the scene, had thrown it at him as a solace for barking his shins and skinning his knees. It was therefore added to the young man's bank account.

Miss Graves had suffered a few bruises and a great scare, and it was not until she was seated in the other car that she missed the money. Then she uttered one single groan of despair and almost fainted away.

The pickpocket echoed her groan. He had come out to pick and got a wrench of the back that would make him walk like a man of eighty for days to come.

When the other car had left the track Hilda must have instinctively withdrawn her hand from her pocket to clutch the seat ahead, and the money had come with the hand. Some one must have found it. Who?

This question puzzled her for days and she finally decided that it had fallen into the hands of the nice young man who had rescued her hat. His nice ways were all put on. He was a bad young man—probably a thief by choice and profession.

She would know him again if she met him in China. She wasn't going to China to experiment, but she would keep her eyes open when on the street, and if she ran across him he must give up that money or take the consequences. The fact that she worked in a lawyer's office gave her a certain amount of nerve, too.

Mr. Gifford had been under suspicion a week or so, when one day he walked into the lion's month. He had business with the old-fashioned lawyer, and he entered the office at ten o'clock one forenoon to be told that the old-fashioned lawyer had gone over to Philadelphia.

There was a good looking young lady there who did the telling. It seemed to him that he had seen her somewhere before. He was puzzling his brains and killing time, when she rose up and exclaimed:

"Ah, it's you! I thought I would find you sooner or later."

"Then—then you have been wishing to find me?" he queried.

"I have, sir. You were on the trolley car that ran off the track into the fence a week or so ago."

"Yes, I remember."

"I lost \$300 from my pocket. I am sure you found it. I have hoped to meet you every day since. I haven't seen in any of the papers that you have advertised it."

"And I haven't seen in any of the papers that you advertised your loss," was the reply.

It was a good answer and Miss Graves blushed. Mr. Gifford couldn't know that it was money she had found, but she knew, and she had not dared advertise her loss.

He looked at her as if he rather en-

joyed the affair, but there was a light of admiration in his eyes as he waited for her next question. He had neither affirmed nor denied that he had found the money on the wrecked car.

"You had drawn the money from the bank and were taking it home in that careless way?"

"I—I had \$500 in my pocket, and I am sure I pulled it out when the accident came. I am also positive you found it. I remember you sat right back of me, and you left the car after I did."

"And if I do not give it up?" he quietly asked as he sat down.

"I shall call in the police."

It was a timid girl's bluff. Any man who has ever walked around the block could have spotted it, but Hilda never looked handsomer than when she stood there with flaming cheeks and faced the young man she was really afraid of. He laughed heartily, but vulgarly and calmly said:

"And what if I also call the police? You claim the money, but can you satisfy the police that it was really yours?"

There was no more bluffing. Tears came to Hilda's eyes, and she sat down with her head on the typewriter table.

"But we can settle it without the police," observed Mr. Gifford. "It is a case that can be settled out of court. Yes, you did lose your money on the car, and I found it. I shall take your address and send you my check. Excuse me if I have said anything to cause those tears. You rather jumped on me, if you will remember. I am only too glad to have been the means—"

"It—it was money I found in the street," said the girl, as she looked up through her tears. "Yes, I found it, and I wanted to ask somebody if it was the same as a thief, and if I could be arrested for it, and if I—"

And Mr. Gifford quoted the law and made explanations that kept him there an hour longer, and when Hilda took the car home that evening he was there with the lost money, and he had to ride to Golden Heights to explain it all to her mother and to keep the pickpocket away.

He got into the habit of talking that ride very often after that, and passengers who kept their ears open heard talk of mortgages—lost money—wrecked cars—police—love and bridal tours. All things will come about if you give them time.—Brooklyn Times.

Smart Mamma.

It was the second time that the youth had accompanied the young lady home from one of those little social parties which are got up to bring fond hearts a step nearer to each other. When they reached the gate she asked him if he wouldn't come in. He said he would. Sarah took his hat, told him to get down and left the room to remove her things.

She had hardly gone before her mother came in, smiled sweetly, and, dropping down beside the young man, remarked:

"I always did say that if a poor but respectable young man fell in love with Sarah he should have my consent. Some mothers would sacrifice their daughters' happiness for riches, but I am not one of that sort."

The young man started with—"but he didn't know whether he liked Sarah or not; he hadn't dreamed of marriage. She has acknowledged to me that she loves you," continued the mother; "and whatever is for her happiness is for mine."

The young man stammered out:—"I—I haven't."

"Oh, never mind. Make no apology. I know you haven't much money, but of course you'll live with me. We'll take in lodgers, and I'll be bound that we shall get along all right."

It was a bad situation. He hadn't even looked into Sarah's. He hadn't had no idea of— he hesitated when she held up her hands, saying:—"I know you hadn't; but it's all right. With your wages and what the lodgers bring in, we shall get along as snugly as possible. All I ask is that you be good to her; Sarah has a tender heart, and if you should be cross to her she would break her down in a week."

The young man's eyes stood out like coconuts, and he rose and tried to say something.

"Never mind about the thanks," she cried. "I don't believe in long courtships. The 11th of November is my birthday, and it would be nice for you to be married on that day."

"But—but—but—" he gasped.

"There, there, I don't expect any speech in reply," she laughed. "You and Sarah settle it to-night, and I'll try to be a model mother-in-law. I believe in good tempered and kind-hearted, though I once did follow a young man 400 miles to shoot off the top of his head for agreeing to marry my daughter and then going off to Canada."

It ever a bachelor was "sold," Sarah's young man was in that predicament.—The Ellis.

An Unfair Advantage.

The twin boys, Johnny and Tommy, not only looked almost exactly alike and could wear each other's clothes without the slightest misfit, but usually weighed the same, there being a difference of not more than an ounce or two between them, notwithstanding the efforts they were always making to outweigh each other.

"Tom," said his brother one day, "let's go and get weighed. I believe I can beat you this time."

Tommy agreed, and they went to the grocery store where these contests were usually decided.

"You get on the scales first," said Johnny.

Tommy complied, and his weight was found to be sixty-eight pounds twelve ounces.

Then Johnny took his turn. He tipped the scales at exactly sixty-nine pounds.

"That ain't fair!" exclaimed Tommy. "And it don't count! I forgot about that big bit on your arm!"—Youth's Companion.

Sir William Treloar told me once of the nervousness he felt on the very first occasion when he acted as a chairman. He was on tenterhooks lest he should do anything malapropos, and consulted his wife as to how he should act.

"I do not know what are a chairman's duties, but if I were invited to take the chair I think I should sit in it," was Lady Treloar's reply, and this advice the Knight of Ludgate Hill rigidly followed.

One thin, pale man in the large bathing tub, standing knee deep in the water, sighed.

"Why," he asked, "are you so sad?"

"Aie," he answered, "the sea is the grave of my first wife!"

Of his curled superciliously.

"But you are married again," we murmured.

"Yes, said he, "and my second wife won't go near the water."

Women's Dep't.

November.

Concerning Women.

Miss Phoebe Couzens ceased to believe in woman suffrage many years ago. The frequency with which her change of mind is telegraphed to the country as fresh news would seem to indicate that genuine anti-suffrage news is rather scarce.

The Parliament of Iceland is now in session, and nearly 12,000 women, a majority of all the adult women of Iceland, have sent in a petition for Parliamentary suffrage. They already have the municipal vote.

Prof. James McIntosh Bell, Director of the Geological Survey of New Zealand, now visiting this country, says that the extension of suffrage to women has resulted in better legislation for the schools and the home, and to a higher standard of character for public officials. One marked feature is the tendency of the members of a faculty to vote together. The influence of the family in public affairs has been increased, since each family now counts two or more votes, while a bachelor counts but one.

Mrs. Caroline E. Corbin of Chicago, in a letter just issued, claims that the defeat of municipal woman suffrage by a tie vote in the recent Chicago Charter Convention was due to the unwomanly behavior of the women who came before the Charter Convention to plead for it. As the petitioners were led by Jane Addams, Mrs. Henshaw and other women who are among the most highly respected in Chicago, the papers of that city are making fun of Mrs. Corbin's accusation. It will be remembered that 87 organizations, with an aggregate membership of 10,000 women, petitioned the Chicago Charter Convention for suffrage, while only one small society (Mrs. Corbin's) petitioned against it.

In a recent number of the New York Independent is "A Clergyman's Opinion of Women." The anonymous author shows up women as irresponsible beings, totally different from men. He says a woman has no mental processes, and that only the young and immature man ever tries "reasoning" with her; that the so-called "business woman" is an anomaly, the woman who "mingles in politics" a monstrosity, and the woman who boasts of her cleverness in doing "men's work" an abomination. There are nearly six pages of examples of silly, exasperating, wholly unexcusable acts on the part of women members of the revered gentleman's congregation.

One cannot but wonder whether this article is really written by a minister of a church in this 20th century. It sounds more like the narrative of a condolium of a lunatic asylum "for ladies only." Taking the word of the editor of the Independent, however, that the author is a clergyman whose name is well known, not only through his own denomination but far beyond its bounds as well, who has served in several years each four important congregations, one ventures to suggest that no self-respecting man would continue in the service of such a helpless, hopeless, irresponsible lot of creatures as, by his own testimony, comprise the major part of this present congregation. The percentage of idleness among his women parishioners is so high, by his own report, that one might almost be pardoned for asking whether his ministrations have anything to do with it.

A Dark Outlook for Miss Simpkins.

At an evening prayer meeting in a Maine village the senior deacon, Daniel Jordan, arose to make appropriate scriptural remarks about the death of the late Miss Simpkins. In conclusion the deacon said: "I respect Miss Simpkins, the members of this church respect Miss Simpkins, the citizens of this town respect Miss Simpkins; but now she's dead and gone to the Lord, and the Scripture saith, 'The Lord is no respecter of persons.'"

A commercial traveller who makes frequent trips to the West from New York is on friendly terms with the porter of the sleeping car, who rejoices in the name of Lawrence Lee.

"Well, Lawrence," announced the salesman, gleefully, "I have good news for you. We've had a birth in our family—twins, by George!"

"Dat ain't no birth, sir," said Lawrence; "dat's a section."—Life.

For Over Sixty Years.

Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup has been used by millions of mothers for their children while teething, with perfect success. It is a pleasant remedy for all the ailments of children, and is a most reliable remedy for all the ailments of children.

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